

AMERICAN MUSEUM.

OF

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1838.

No. 3.

GEOLOGY AND REVELATION.

BY JOHN G. MORRIS.

UNBELIEVERS in the authenticity of the Scriptures have frequently invoked the aid of the sciences, to invalidate the evidence on which the divine origin of those ancient records is founded. With the most intense eagerness have they laid hold of every unimportant circumstance which could be perverted into an apparent congruity with their own conceptions. The investigations of the geologist particularly, have been watched with the keenest solicitude.—They have pursued him in his examination of mountains and plains and vallies,—have patiently stood by while he was excavating the earth and have boldly followed whilst he groped his dangerous way through unexplored caverns, confidently expecting that his discoveries would reveal facts fatal to the correctness of the mosaic cosmogony.

Some drill and bore
The solid earth, and from the strata there
Extract a register, by which they learn
That he who made it, and revealed its date
To Moses, was mistaken in its age.

My design is to show, that there is a perfect consistency between the facts demonstrated by geological researches and the sacred scriptures. If this can be done, a strong weapon will be wrested out of the hands of the infidel, and the credibility of the divine writings will be more firmly established.

It has been often said, that there is a discrepancy between science and revelation, and that consequently both cannot proceed from the same infinite Being; and as pure science, or knowledge derived from the works of God, is evidently of divine origin, it follows that the bible cannot be, for God cannot contradict himself. But yet it is passing strange, that the most profoundly scientific men that ever lived, were steadfast believers in the scriptures as a divine revelation.—Bacon, Locke, Newton, Davy and many others never discovered the incongruity between the works of God and his word, and it is not likely that it would have escaped their penetrating minds, if it had existed. There was a time when religious men were suspicious of physical investigations, and apprehended that they would be detrimental to the interests of revealed truth, but that age has happily passed, and the friends of the bible now boldly challenge investigation and believe that all the discoveries of modern science will only establish the truth of divine revelation.

The bible was not designed to teach men science, but religion, and hence it employs language suited to the capacity of every man. If it were not so, it would be a sealed book to thousands of readers;—but notwithstanding this, whatever a revelation asserts in regard to natural facts must be accordant with all the subsequent discoveries of science, otherwise it could not be of God. Science and revelation cannot teach discordant facts. The unbeliever endeavours to prove that there is a striking inconsistency between them, and consequently rejects revelation, as a book unsafe as a guide in science, and untrue as a narrative of facts. He would be doing right, if his conclusions were valid.

It is asserted by the geological unbeliever, that the world is much older than is consistent with the scripture chronology, and that consequently the scriptures cannot be true. He takes for granted that they compute the age of the world at about six thousand years, and that immediately prior to the creation of man, the world itself was brought into existence. In contradiction to this, he proves from incontrovertible facts that the earth is more than six thousand years old; yea, that there is no reason to suppose it may not be six millions. No man who has investigated this subject can deny his conclusions,—the facts are irresistible.—But how shall we reconcile this plain discrepancy between the discoveries of the geologist and the supposed instructions of the bible? It seems to be contradicted by natural phenomena, and therefore cannot be a revelation from God.

But is the assumption of the unbeliever well founded? Is it true that the bible teaches that the world was brought into existence just before the creation of our first parents, and that consequently it computes the age of the world at about six thousand years? According to the Mosaic chronology, man was placed on the earth at about that time, but is it said that his habitation was then originally created? It says no such thing. It is presumptuous in the unbeliever to maintain it, for his assertion is unsupported by proof, and therefore his conclusion is wrong. The Mosaic phrase "IN THE BEGINNING God created the heaven and the earth," does not specify any particular time, but expresses an indefinite period,—and signifies that at some time,—a distant, undefined time—God brought this world into being. We are not told when it took place or what its appearance or consistence was originally;—Moses does not describe its inhabitants or animals,—its revolutions or changes and consequently, the geologist has room enough for his speculations, and may safely come to any conclusion respecting the antiquity of the world, without doing any violence to the integrity of the Mosaic narrative.

What was the design of the inspired historian? it was to show that the world was not eternal—that it was not the work of chance, but that God was the author of the whole creation, without mentioning the time when that event took place. Hence we do not know how old the world is, for it was not a part of Moses' design to state that fact, and perhaps it had never been revealed to himself,—and thus we may make it millions of years old without contradicting him. Every thing he narrates after the second verse is to be understood as referring merely to the remodeling or new arrangement of our earth for the habitation of man and other animals, and our chronology commences at that period. He does not say that on the *first day*, "the heaven and earth were created," but "**IN THE BEGINNING,**" and as that is an indefinite expression, it may signify any extent of time the geologist desires to account for the phenomena every where occurring. The earth may have been covered with vegetables, and inhabited by successive races of animals for ages between that period and the time of the operations of the first day as stated by the Jewish historian. These events had no relation whatever to the subject of his narrative,—his object was to describe the formation of the earth as it now is, and to tell the origin of man, and hence every thing else was properly omitted by him as extraneous. Dr. Chalmers in his Evidence of the Christian Revelation, as quoted by Buckland, asks the following questions: "Does Moses ever say, that when God

created the heaven and the earth, he did more, at the time alluded to, than transform them out of previously existing materials? Or does he ever say that there was not an interval of many ages between the first act of creation described in the first verse of the book of Genesis, and said to have been performed at *the beginning*, and those more detailed operations, the account of which commences at the second verse, and which are described to us as having been performed in so many days? Or, finally, does he ever make us to understand that the genealogies of man went any farther than to fix the antiquity of the species, and, of consequence, that they left the antiquity of the globe a free subject for the speculation of philosophers?"

The first verse of Genesis, therefore, must be understood as referring to the creation of the universe, and a critical examination of the Hebrew word translated "heaven," would show that it includes every thing that seems to be above us,—and "the earth" is particularly mentioned, because it was the theatre of the operations subsequently described. We may safely suppose that the second verse gives an account of the condition of the earth immediately prior to the commencement of the works related in the verses which follow. It was then *confused* and *desolate*, ("without form and void,") owing to tremendous revolutions that had convulsed its whole frame, and had destroyed all animal and vegetable life. "Darkness was upon the face of the abyss," so that it is probable that the whole primeval earth had been covered by the ocean after some awful catastrophe. At this point of time may have terminated that indefinite period intervening between the original creation and the work of the first day, which consisted in making the light appear, or in other words, in dispelling the clouds and vapors that had entirely obscured the sun. The words "let there be light," do not necessarily imply that light had never existed before, but only that it was called forth to exert its influence in driving away the darkness that hung in awful gloom over the abyss. Besides this, we have physical proof of the existence of light before the first day (and it may have been from "the beginning,") in the fact that the fossil remains of animals found in geological formations of various ages, present the appearance of having had eyes,—the heads of all fossil fishes and reptiles are furnished with cavities for the reception of eyes, and with perforations for the passage of optic nerves, so that we conclude they must have required light to enable them to see. Light is also necessary to the growth of existing vegetables, and it is safe to infer, that it was equally essential to the developement of

similar productions in the primeval world. This light was furnished by the sun, and this view does not contradict the account given of the work of the fourth day, where it is said, God made two great lights. The original word for *made*, is not the same with that translated *created* in the first verse. It never means to create *de novo*, to *originate*, or call from nothing into existence, but to fit a thing to another, to appoint, to constitute. Of this use of the word, there are numerous examples in the scriptures. We are not then necessarily to understand that the sun and moon were *created* on the fourth day, but only that they were *made to appear*, and were *appointed*, or *constituted*, from *that period*, to act as rulers of the day and night. The sun, moon, and stars, had been *created* before, but God only then *made them become such to the earth*. "As the rainbow—says a learned author—was made or constituted a sign, though it might have existed before, so the sun, moon, and stars, may be said to have been made and set as lights in the firmament on the fourth day, though actually existing before."

It is not a modern opinion, that the first two verses of Genesis, have no reference to what is subsequently narrated by the historian. The learned inform us that many of the fathers of the church entertained the opinion that these verses refer to a prior act of creation, and contain the general assertion that God was the author of all things, to refute the advocates of the doctrine of chance, and of those who maintain the absurd idea of the eternity of matter, as well as to guard the Israelites against the polytheism and idolatry of the heathen nations around them.

It must be conceded then, that there is nothing in the first chapter of Genesis, that is opposed to the opinion of the great antiquity of the earth, so that there is no contradiction between the deductions of geology and the scriptures, and consequently, the triumph of the unbeliever is far from being complete. Instead of invalidating the scriptures, his geological discoveries only establish their truth, for it is found that there is a perfect coincidence between them. The geologist proves that the earth is more than 6000 years old, and revelation grants him as much time as he requires.

It has been before said, that Moses narrates the history of the earth in its present state, and records the successive events that transpired in its preparation for the habitation of man. He merely gives us an account of its remodeling, and describes the operations of each day during its new arrangement. He says nothing that militates against the supposition, that the materials of an old and ruined world, were employed

in the reconstruction of the present earth. But as that had no connection with his design, he passed it by, and proceeded at once to his subject,—the re-formation of the earth and the creation of man, and all geologists know that Cuvier has proved that the human race cannot have been placed on the earth much longer than is consistent with the chronology of Moses.

In this view of the subject, it is not necessary to interpret the "days" of Moses, as periods of indefinite extent, as some learned and good men have done, because we have time enough to account for the phenomena which geology discloses, without resorting to a system of biblical exegesis which is doubtful at best.

Instead of there being any discrepancy between geology and revelation, it can be demonstrated that they support and establish each other, so that far from being conquered by the arms of the unbeliever, we wield them fatally against himself.

1. The discoveries of geology show that *the earth is not eternal*. There was a time when it did not exist. It had a beginning. True, they do not determine the time of its beginning, but they prove its non-eternity. Our investigations result in the undeniable conclusion, that all organizations have advanced in a progressive series, from the less to the greater; long and definite intervals of time occurred between these series, and if we pursue them backwards, we will end in losing all evidence of organization, that is, we will arrive at a period when there was nothing in existence. This accords precisely with the Scriptures. They teach that "*God created the heaven and the earth.*" Before the heavens were brought forth, or even *thou hadst formed the earth and the world*, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Ps. xc. 2. '*I was set up from everlasting, or even the earth was.*' Prov. viii. 23. The most conclusive argument against the atheistic hypothesis of the eternity of the world, is derived from the geological examinations of the world itself.

2. The discoveries of geology show that before the creation of man, the earth was to a great extent, and perhaps often entirely submerged in *water*. The fossil remains of the animals of that period show that most of them were marine or amphibious. The remains of plants and vegetables, indicate them to have been mostly such as grow in marshes. The stratified rocks, the regular layers in clay pits, the position of animal remains, and other phenomena, exhibit the frequent and long continued action of water. This agrees precisely with the scriptures, which declare that darkness was upon the face of *the deep*, and the spirit of God moved on the face of *the waters*.

3. It is certain from geological investigations, that the earth was not the habitation of man and of most of the races of animals now existing, for *more than a few thousand years*. It has been before stated, that the great French naturalist proved from certain progressive changes on the earth's surface, as well as from the concurrent traditions of many nations, that the first appearance of man on the face of the earth, cannot be referred to a period farther back than about five or six thousand years from the present time. We find no remains of man, and few of such animals as now live on the earth in places where they could naturally be found, if they had then existed, and had been destroyed in the general calamity. Indeed, the earth would not have been a fit habitation for such a being as man. It is only in the upper formations that the remains of such animals as now exist, are found, and perhaps human bones, proving that man and the present tribes of animals, are of recent creation. This accords exactly with the bible, which teaches that man and other animals on the earth, were created less than 6000 years ago.

4. Geological discoveries develope the fact, that since the creation of man, the whole earth has been subjected to the *sudden and violent action of water*. The whole face of the earth affords abundant proof of the deluge. The man who doubted it, would not be considered sane. The evidences of the fact also show that the period of its occurrence, cannot have been very remote. The bible tells us of the *time* and *cause* of this catastrophe, and thus its instructions agree with the conclusions of science.

5. The researches of the geologist show that the same kind of animals existed before the deluge which exist now. How were they preserved from the general destruction? or were they all destroyed and afterwards reproduced? The latter idea is contrary to previous analogy. The bible gives us the solution. Different antediluvian animals were preserved from the desolating effects of the deluge with Noah in the ark.

These are a few of the facts in which geology and the scriptures illustrate and establish each other. There are others which are only probable, but which need not now be mentioned. Enough has been said to show that the unbeliever gains no advantage by calling on geology to aid him in his attacks on revealed religion. That science is triumphantly marshalled against him. Its discoveries demonstrate the God of nature to be the God of the bible, and having come to this conclusion, we are led to praise

"Him first, Him last, Him midst, Him without end."

After all taste, according to the most ancient and refined
critics, is to be found in him who has the most natural and true sense
of beauty; he who can see beauty in the most unlikely places,
and who can appreciate it in the most unlikely objects; he who
can find beauty in the most unlikely situations and moral qualities.

THE MARTYR MAIDEN.

She cometh from her home

In the white robes of truth;

Ere from her eye hath passed its light,

Or sorrow hath had power to blight

The glory of her youth!

Softly the summer breeze

Plays with her golden hair;

While the glad bird's rejoicing song,

With tuneful echoes borne along,

Swells on the fragrant air.

Slowly on all around

She gazeth for awhile;

They are the scenes her childhood knew,

Yet now she biddeth them adieu,—

She leaves them with a smile!

Life dwelleth in the wave

And on the zephyr's breath;

And carelessly from flower to tree,

Wing the gay butterfly and bee,

Thoughtless of pain or death.

But cometh she *alone*?

Not so—for with her there

Are armed men, whose ruffian grasp,

Hath brought the blood to mark their clasp,

Upon her fingers fair.

Vainly despair and rage

Swell in her lover's heart.

He, who with brain to madness wrought,

With sword in hand her rescue sought,

Now guarded, walks apart.

Oh, for a Sampson's might,

To burst the galling chain!

How would he trample o'er the foe,

Beneath his vengeful arm laid low,

And clasp his bride again.

He hears the passing jest,
 At mention of her name;
That name!—he *will* not thus endure
 Its sound upon those lips impure,
 Mingled with scoff and shame.

He gathered all his strength,
 To struggle with his fate,—
 The maiden saw—imploring smiled,
 Her arm fell powerless as a child,
 That was so nerved by hate.

Then on the perfumed air,
 Sweet words of soothing rose!
 Oh lovely faith of Christ! *thy* power
 Alone gave comfort to that hour,
 And to his heart repose.

Hear what the maiden spoke:—
 “Beloved! couldst thou see
 These binding fetters broke
 Thou wouldst rejoice for me;—
 Yet grievest that I rend the ties,
 That keep me from the chainless skies!

How doth thy spirit fear
 To see me suffer pain?
 Art thou not *glad* to hear
 It shall not be again?
 For pain and sorrow have no place
 Where shines our blest Redeemer’s face.

“Thou wouldst with jewels rare
 Surround this brow of mine
 O think that I shall wear,
 A crown of light divine!
 And be in shining robes arrayed
 That, like my bliss, shall never fade.

“My step is on the path
 That leadeth up to God!
 And countless marks it hath
 Where His own feet have trod!
 Mother and sire have passed before
 And call me to their arms once more.

“Then let be no tear for me
 One moment dim thine eye,
 But rather *joy* to see
 How calm in Christ, I die.
 Faith tells me prayer is not in vain,
 And whispers we shall meet again.”

Almost the maiden's lip
Refused this parting word;
Her trust in heaven was pure and high,
But woman's love that cannot die,
Was still distinctly heard.

It told of all his hopes,—
The blighted hopes of years.—
Of many a vision of delights,
Which they had traced in colours bright,
Undimmed by clouds or tears.

One instant o'er her heart
Her gentle hand she passed;
But now they reached the fatal place,—
One prayer to God—one wild embrace,
It was their first and *last!*

* * * * * * *

Night throws its shade on earth,
But cannot reach *above*—
Where bending low with folded wings
A bright young spirit sweetly sings
The angels' song of love!

Philadelphia.

E. H. S.

NATIONAL LITERATURE.

NO. I.

THE BOHEMIAN.

Second Paper.

ANOTHER of the restorers of Bohemian Literature is Antonin Puchmayer, who was born in Teyn on the 17th of January, 1769. Besides editing a large collection of poems, he rendered essential service to learning by his philological labours, and added to the literary treasures of his country by the translation of valuable works from the French and German. He was a minister at Radnice, and his purity of life gave a weighty sanction to his religious inculcations from the sacred desk.

Besides a knowledge of the ancient languages, and of French, German and Italian, he was intimately acquainted with the Russian, and had written a grammar of that language dedicated to the empress mother which was very favourably received. The empress as an acknowledgement of its value sent him a diamond ring, but the author had ceased to exist before it arrived.

His ode on Zizka is very spirited—but though an admirer of the protestant chieftain, he does not scruple to brand with infamy, the horrors and cruelties which he committed and which “turned to evil all his good.” It becomes christians of the present day in reviewing the errors and wrongs of which they have been severally guilty, to avoid recriminations; and charging what is past to the darkness of the age, act agreeably to the enlightenment of the present time by indulging sentiments of liberality and charity towards each other.

ODE ON J. ZIZKA VON TROTZNOW.

Who rears his country's fair renown,
Shall earn a patriot's lofty praise—
Yes! he shall wear a laurel crown,
And him shall sing the poet's lays;

What prouder fame, what greener bays
 Can history offer?—be his meed
 Eternal laud within the shrine,
 Lighted by glory's lamp divine,
 That every triumph, every deed
 Through everlasting years may shine.

Zizka! Bohemia's chief—arise!
 Of martyred Hus th' avenger thou!
 Thou hast o'erwhelm'd thine enemies
 In the fierce battle-field, and now
 They perish in the dust below.
 And the whole world has seen how great
 A patriot's victory may be;
 When arm'd Bohemia!—arm'd for thee.
 (O laurels on thy bidding wait,
 To crown thee for eternity!)

And see what crowded German bands—
 Steeds clamp and weapons clang—from Rhine
 And Oder's thickly-peopled lands;
 And mountain-warriors there combine
 From distant Alp and Appenine:
 Hungarians too—and neighbouring Poles,
 And practised Saxons—tell us why
 Ye lift your swords, your lances high?—
 O! papal briefs—and papal bulls
 Have preach'd of our apostacy.

Like blackest locust-clouds they come,
 Our own Bohemia to enslave;
 And who—from such a storm—our home—
 Our country can protect or save?
 For what avail the wise or brave?
 Who can resist the torrent's sway?
 When they are nigh we disappear—
 It is not doubt—it is not fear;
 They drink the rivers on their way,
 And every where their banners rear.

Thy voice, re-echoed o'er the land,
 Wakes all Bohemia at thy name;
 And every heart—and every hand
 Are quicken'd by the living flame
 Of courage—but what lust of fame
 What mad ambition lur'd our foes—
 We came—we look'd—our hero then
 Summon'd his bands of chosen men,
 And as the storm the surge-surf blows
 We scatter'd all their might again.

Still Zatetz's plains are bleak and bare,
 Still towers old Brodsky's mountain dell,
 Where, as the greyhound drives the hare,
 Thou, with thy Tabrites didst compel
 All—all to fly—but those who fell:
 Proud Praga looks on Zizkow's hill,
 Still pleas'd that hallow'd spot to see,
 Where Zizka leagued with victory—
 And dreams play'd round Bohemia still,
 The dreams of peace and liberty.

Then Germany—who felt the shame—
 Of Swabia's daring enterprise,
 And that our Hus—Bohemia's fame—
 Had been the bloody sacrifice;
 There, where the Rhine so swiftly flies,
 Rais'd up her flag—thou Saxon mound,
 Ye Austrian hills, now witness bear,
 How, towering o'er each mountain there,
 Bohemia's lion roar'd around,
 Bohemia's banner flapp'd the air.

Then glory with her golden ray,
 And silver trumpets pour'd thy praise;
 And wing'd her bright and rustling way
 O'er the wide world—thy fame to raise,
 And bid the nations on thee gaze.
 But with thy victories did she tell
 What deeds of darkness and of dread
 Were round those glorious victories spread,
 And that thy name had been the spell,
 From which all life and blessing fled?

Zizka! thy fame had blinded thee,
 And fortune, with accustom'd sneer,
 Had dregg'd her cup with treachery,
 And pour'd her poisons in thine ear.
 Whose valor came thy valor near?
 Thou, like the illustrious Hannibal,
 When he, on Cannæ's glorious day,
 Swept all the Roman hosts away,
 On thine own Cannæ didst appal,
 And overwhelm Germania.

Thou hast a glorious triumph then,
 When midst a whole world's envying,
 In victory's loud and joyous train,
 Thou didst thy golden booty bring,
 And on Bohemia's altars fling:
 How loudly was the welcome pour'd
 From every patriot Ceskian tongue,
 Man—child—youth—maiden—woman flung,
 To thee, thy country's son ador'd,
 The wreaths their busy hands had strung.

Why didst thou dip that sacred wreath,
 O Zizka ! in thy brother's blood?
 Why bow thee from thy height—beneath,
 And turn to evil all thy good?
 Why didst thou loose thy savage brood
 On monks and nobles—in thy rage
 Give reins to riot—overthrow
 Castles and towers—and deaf to woe--
 Whelm all—and rear o'er all a stage,
 Where error and where crime might grow.

Those ruins—which seem curs'd—and frown
 As if some evil ghosts were there ;
 Where bravery scarce does stay alone,
 O what a woeful page they are,
 Of man in passion's fierce career:
 The very winds that whistle thro',
 Seem shuddering midst the gloomy pile:
 There spectres meet—and sigh awhile;
 And as the screech-owls ery to-whoo!
 The fiends of evil shriek and smile.

In the fifth stanza—we have the "*veni vidi, vici*" of Cesar—a literal rendering of the two first words, and an expansion of the last, which lessens its force and beauty. Puchmayer died in 1820.

Joseph Jungmann was born at Hudlice, in 1773, and was educated at the University of Prague, where he was distinguished for the amenity of his manners and his diligent attention to study. Having attracted attention by his poetical and prior works, especially a translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which is allowed to be the best made in any foreign language, he was appointed professor of poetry and oratory in the Academical Gymnasium of Prague. His urbane and parental deportment to the students calls forth their warmest affections. His *Chrestomathia* is, perhaps, the most useful of his works. Of his poetry we select the following poem on 'Content;' not because it is the best, but because it is of itself a delineation of the amiable character of the man. What a picture of calm domestic joy he gives in speaking of the fireside, and of the gambols of his children, and how placidly and serenely he looks forward to the time of "his departure."

CONTENT.

My life is like a flowery spring
 Of calmness, liberty, and peace,
 I mount not high on passion's wing,
 I sink not deep in recklessness.
 And noisy joys, where'er they be,
 Have no attractive charms for me.

The marble busts—the statues tall
 Of bronze, I envy not—be mine
 A simple home, whose snowy wall
 The smiling graces may enshrine.
 Tho' gold may deck the rich man's roof
 It is not time nor sorrow-proof.

Pomona dwells my cottage near,
 And leads sweet Flora in her hand,
 My trees the richest offerings bear—
 Uncoveted their treasures stand,
 And in their falling leaves I see
 True lessons for humanity.

The elms—as if obedient, bend
 Over my roof—their shadows deep,
 A canopy of verdure lend,
 To curtain me in tranquil sleep;
 And visions floating in the air,
 Are better than the dreams of care.

And to the forest solitudes,
 I fly to shield my quiet head,
 And the wild masters of the woods,
 Behold in me no tyrant dread;
 To me, the fierce and foolish chase,
 Is wearying discord and disgrace.

A cheerful guest of nature, I
 Want nor satiety have known,
 Mine is a blest sufficiency
 And freedom:—what is mine to own,
 And to enjoy—enough—no more,
 Meat—drink—and life glides calmly o'er.

When hours flow dully on in life,
 I bid some cheerful neighbour come,
 And then mine own Bohemian wife
 Gives him sweet welcome to our home,
 The smiles that on her visage shine
 Are all reflected back from mine.

The morning of a summer day,
 Breaks forth in sweet serenity:
 And fair as roses are, and gay,
 The lovely world appears to me.
 'Tis by man's eye that world is clad
 In cheerful light, or darkness sad.

I love mankind—I love them well—
 Wise—foolish—weeds—flowers—gloom and mirth,
 Earth is to me—nor heaven nor hell—
 It is—what is it? simply—earth;
 Poor thoughtless wretch, by folly driven,
 Who calls his earth—or hell, or heaven.

A group of children round me lead
 In dance and song the happy hours:
 As fair as flowers upon the mead,
 But sweeter and far lovelier flowers;
 One flower—to him who knows its worth,
 Is a dropp'd star of heaven on earth.

And so unanxious, undismay'd
 I wait for death—and waiting chant
 My songs—and feel upon my head
 The sunshine of sweet peace—I want
 No joy—but, hope—as nature's guest,
 To die—and say—"Enough—I'm blest."

M. Zdirad Polak was born in Zasmuky in 1788. Although devoted from his youth to military studies and pursuits—he has also cultivated the acquaintance of the Muses, and produced some of the most exquisite poetry in the language. As adjutant to Baron Kollar, he twice accompanied the Austrian troops to Italy, and while in Naples laid the foundation of *Cesta do Italie*, which was given to the public in 1820.

His *Wzesnost prjrody*—Sublimities of nature—is one of the best volumes from the Bohemian press, and gives evidence of his possessing the most delicate sensibility to the sublime and beautiful in the works of nature.

His "Kraska Kwetoslaw," and the reply of that warrior to his mistress are energetic and martial, and at times stirring as the notes of the bugle.

KRASKA TO KWETOSLAW.

Yes! let me wander by that flower-bank'd stream
 Which pours its fountains out by Praga's wall
 Go! toil for honor in the fields of fame:
 Fame—all Bohemia wakens at its call.
 Where my young days pass'd by in blissful thought
 Is now a drearv solitude to me;
 The scenes which peace and love and beauty brought
 Are darkness all—because estrang'd from thee.

Thou wert an ever-sparkling light—but now
 Art a pale meteor trembling in the sky:
 I see thy name carv'd on the maple's bough,
 Or by the moon's gold cycle writ on high;
 There do my loud sighs wed them to the wind,
 And harps æolian in the grotto play;
 Be present to my eyes—as to my mind—
 Hither again—O hither bend thy way.

'Midst the dark foliage in the full-moon's light
 Thou didst first fan the fire of holiest love;
 There did my pure lips pledge their early plight,
 While listening nightingales were group'd above.
 Hear (saidst thou) hear my words thou blue-bright heaven;
 Hear them, thou moon! whom yon fair stars attend;
 And if I leave thee—curs'd and unforgiven
 Let poison with each breeze, each breathing blend.

O thou wilt see, bewitching, blinding maids,
 Maids who o'er youth's fond dreams supremely reign;
 And thou wilt then forget Bohemia's shades,
 And thou wilt wear affection's foreign chain.
 Those ringlet-tresses—those black, beaming eyes
 I know they will intoxicate—I know
 How they will dazzle—while thy Kraska flies
 Fading and fading more—and dwells with woe.

I hear the rattling troop—I feel the earth
 Is shaking 'neath the chargers—so begone,
 I hear the drums loud rolling—and the mirth
 Of battle-loving heroes—Kwetoslaw—on!
 On to the banner! yet one kiss—thou bold
 Heart-chosen man—fame calls thee—no delay;
 Take the sharp steel—'tis glittering in its hold;
 Thy Kraska's hand shall bind it—now away!

Now battle like a Ceskian—and success,
 Success walk still unwearied at thy side,
 Courageous but discreet—Yet forward press
 As cataracts adown the mountain side.
 The kiss I gave thee now, O let it burn
 Like sacred fire upon thy lips—until
 To thine enraptur'd maid thou shalt return—
 And godlike thoughts her widening bosom fill.

KWETOSLAW TO KRASKA.

My country calls me, Kraska! dry thine eyes,
 Disturb not with thy tears youth's quiet flow;
 Rend not my heart—nor chill thine own with sighs,
 Thy rosy cheeks are mantled o'er with snow—
 Weep not because thy Ceskian leaves thee—No!
 The mighty lion on the flag unfurl'd,
 Roars with loud voice, and bids the warriors go—
 Wealth, heart, and blood—our country—and the world.

How sweet and silent were our early days,
 Gliding like meadow streamlets soft and still;
 Enjoyment threw o'er every hour its rays,
 Anxious, life's cup with flowing bliss to fill.
 But soon—too soon—that bliss has been o'er cast,
 Which made me the world's envy—now the frost,
 The silver frost of sorrow makes a waste
 Of my once glowing spirit—all is lost.

Yet I will prize thy love—the love I've sworn,
 That love shall lead through immortality.
 Think not that white-arm'd maidens' smile or scorn,
 Can for an instant lure my thoughts from thee.
 No dimples, howsoever lovely—grace,
 Howe'er majestic—pearly teeth in rows—
 Mouth-breathing sweets—Can these efface
 Thy memory? Never!—or thy sway oppose?—

In the night's silence—at the twilight's dawn,
 Whene'er I gird my sabre to my side—
 When eve around the hills her clouds has drawn—
 Then—always—shall I think of thee—and glide
 In fancy to thy presence—midst the roar
 Of cannons—and the flash of swords—and hiss
 Of bullets—while like seeds of thistles o'er
 Torn limbs fly by—thy love shall be my bliss.

Should I return to our Bohemian land,
 When the blest trump of peace is heard again,
 What bliss—what bliss supreme to take thy hand—
 How will my spirit thrill with rapture then!
 Thy rosy lips my eager lips shall press,
 My arms around thy smiling form shall be;
 Thine eyes—thy cheeks—the kiss of love shall bless;
 O! the unutterable ecstasy!

Hark! hark! the trumpet's call—the banner flies
 High flapping in the wind—our lions shake
 Their grisley manes—thou maid of Paradise,
 Come hither—come—thy hero's sabre take,
 And gird it on—and bless him—and one kiss—
 One kiss—and then—and then—what words can tell
 My thoughts—thou joy, hope, peace, song, love, and bliss—
 My more than heaven—farewell—farewell—farewell!

John Kollar was born at Prague and is now an ecclesiastic at Pesth in Hungary. He is the Bohemian Petrarch, and has written almost as many sonnets as the distinguished Italian. His poetry, however, is not upon amatory subjects alone—it is more frequently the outpouring of a heart imbued with patriotism, over the ruins of his fatherland.

In his Tezko zrjti, werjm, kdyz se w kras, the power of love is given with much expressiveness.

O what sublime conceptions fill the soul,
When o'er the dawn-clad Tatra the rapt eye
Wanders;—all thought dissolv'd in sympathy,
And words unutter'd into silence roll!
How the heart heaves when thunder-storms eclipse
The sun, and century-rooted oaks upbear;
When Etna opens wide his fiery lips—
Turns pale the star-hair'd moon and shakes the sphere!
Yet this, and more than this, my soul can bear—
But not thine innocent look,—thy gentle smile—
What magic, might, and majesty, are there:
A trembling agitation shakes me, while
Confus'd amidst thy varied charms I see
The powers of earth and heaven all blent in thee.

The twelfth sonnet contains a highly wrought picture of his *inamorata*.

Mould thee of brightest dreams an airy creature,
The loveliest soul in loveliest body dress;
Bid beauty overflow from every feature—
Bid mind uplift them from earth's narrowness.
Let the eye flash with light from heaven,—and love
Mingle the tenderness of earthly care;
And the tall forehead tower erect, above
Those smiling lips that breathe such odours fair.
Bind living garlands round the snowy brow,
With flowers from every stem and every sphere—
Flowers gay and various as the Iris-bow,
And let that form pour music on the ear,
And sweet Slavonian song—thou hast array'd
In shadowy dreams a true Slavonian maid.

The twenty-third sonnet is a wreath of love gracefully woven.

The busy thoughts to narrow bounds confined,
Struggle for wider fields, and beat the wires
Of their poor cage:—impatience makes them blind
In gazing on the light of vain desires,
And they disperse—but hope broods o'er the mind,
And warms its dreams and fans its sleeping fires,
Till like that glorious bird that never tires,
It sits aloft in clouds and stars enshrined.
For me has virtue flower'd on love's sweet stem,
At Vesta's altar I have poured my vows:
I have tied wreaths of worship round the brows
Of Milek, and I wear his diadem,—
To suffering he the stamp of joy has given,
And poured on earth the sunny light of heaven.

In the 15th sonnet, the lines remind us of the "Health," by Pinkney.

Nature from all her elements hath made
A flower of fadeless beauty—she hath blent
All charms that earth hath held or heaven hath lent.

The 118th sonnet is equally pretty.

I think of thee when night's dark shadows fly,
And morning's ray spreads slowly o'er the hills;
When girt with stars and clouds, the morn on high
Smiles on the birchen groves and gilds the rills.
I hear thee in the gentle music, made
By streams that rush to other streams—by flowers
That whisper to the winds, or catch the showers—
Or green leaves rustling in the vernal glade.
Thee do I see—thee would I recognize—
A pilgrim hastening to a holy shrine;
When mists that seem all-sacred wrap the skies,
With thee I dwell, and I am ever thine;
Thus soul-united—there shall never be
Aught but my grosser nature far from thee.

The 133d sonnet appears to have been written after a perusal of the *Bride of Abydos*, to the opening stanzas of which it bears a close resemblance.

Know'st thou the land of paradise above,
The home of beauty and the seat of mind—
Where virtue is the minister of love—
Love, beauty, virtue, intellect enshrin'd,
All influential: where the breezes blow
Odorous and mild; and nightingales from bowers
Of myrtles sing unceasing—palm trees grow;
O'ershading to protect the sunny flowers?
Know'st thou the land where neither night nor heat
Blacken or blast—no thorns the roses bear,
And pure desires their swift fruition meet:—
Time's stream rolls on untroubled at time's feet;
Wife—sister—each, as other, pure and dear—
O mine for lasting ages! *Thou art there.*

In the 103d sonnet, the author, like Apollo, laments that *Amor non est medicabilis herbis.*

O not our own Karpathia's quiet vales,
O'er which the green-brow'd mountains girt with stone
Raise up to heaven their adamantine walls,
Making 'midst stars and clouds a glorious throne.

Not Pison pouring to Euphrates' tide,
 Its golden-water fountain—not the juice
 Which medicine's marvellous craft did erst produce
 When Vulcan fann'd the fire—these will not hide,
 These will not heal, my sorrows—I can find
 No freshening stream to cool my burning breast,
 No ointment on the wounds of life to bind—
 Without its nymphs sweet Tempe were unblest;
 Without its maidens, what were Arcady?
 Without its Eve, what paradise to me?

The 70th sonnet is wildly extravagant.

Tarry, thou golden sun, upon our hills,
 Our own Bohemian hills—above our woods;
 O tarry: 'tis alone thine influence fills
 With rays of light Bohemia's solitudes;
 And as thy mission is of peace and joy,
 Chase thou the evil dreams of darkness—pour
 Bright greetings—and the shades of grief destroy,
 And bless the love which calls thee to watch o'er
 And witness its deep faithfulness—Awake
 Some splendour in mine eyes, and bear to her,
 Beneath whose influence, and for whose sweet sake
 I would be gay—O golden monarch! bear
 To her all beams of beauty and of bliss,
 And let thy smile—cheeks, lips, and eyelids kiss.

The patriotic pride of the author, and the chiding of the recreant sons of Slavonia in the 37th sonnet speak forcibly to the soul of sensibility.

'Tis not alone that of Slavonia's stem,
 She is a simple and a smiling flower;
 Though the obdurate Frank and Saxon's power
 Have sought to rase the impress of the gem.
 Oh! many erring sons of Slawa know
 Too little of her glories—they conspire,
 Her language—their sire's fame—to overthrow,
 Nor heed the frownings of celestial ire.
 A heart as pure as are the pearls of dew—
 An English spirit in a child-like guise—
 A magic on the lips and in the eyes,
 And friendship's strength, and beauty's sparkling hue.
 Ye fame-full tribes and tongues! since heaven has given
 All this, what more would ye expect from heaven?

Nor is the 72d sonnet less interesting, on the same subject

Slavonia! glory-breathing name, surrounded
 With mingling mists of pleasure and of pain;
 Now torn by sorrow—now by treachery wounded—
 Now, breaking into light and strength again.

From the Karpathian to the Ural brows,
 From sandy wastes that wake the summer's heat,
 To where its ray falls powerless on the snows—
 Thou art enshrin'd in thy majestic seat!
 Thou hast o'erliv'd misfortune—hast withstood
 The idle worship of the nations round,
 E'en thy own children's black ingratitude;
 And thou hast rear'd thee, on the eternal ground,
 A temple from the ruins of old time,
 Whence thou pour'st forth thine energies sublime.

Weneslaus Hanka was born at Horenowes in 1791. He was the son of a farmer who employed him in tending his sheep upon the mountains. This occupation engaged him during the greater part of the year, and allowed him the winter time only for the acquisition of learning. Discovering great strength of mind, and making rapid proficiency in the studies to which his attention was directed, at the village school, he was placed at the age of sixteen under the care of an eminent teacher at Koniggratz. From Koniggratz he went to the University of Prague, and after completing his collegiate course, studied law at Vienna. Having been accustomed to composition in early life, he attracted the notice of many *litterateurs* and especially Dobrowsky. But the discovery of the Kralodworsky mss., of which we have made mention, extended his reputation, both at home and abroad, more than any or all his pieces, and the estimation in which he was held was further increased by the publication of his Starobyla Skladanie. He has been honoured with the present of a gold medal from the Russian Academy, and received many marks of favour from the late Emperor Alexander. We give his Casto zamysleny because it is the shortest of his poems that we have.

When slumbering I found me
 Within the deep grove;
 Sweet dreams gather'd round me,
 Of thee, mine own love!

I saw thee before me,
 All blooming as spring;
 Thy smiles beaming o'er me—
 A joy-giving thing.

Thy cheeks, they were glowing
 With blushes all bright;
 Thine eyes, they were flowing
 With love and delight.

What bliss kindled through me—
 Thy hand when I prest;
 Thy lips smiling to me,
 Said, lov'd one! be blest!

Yes! then thou wert seated—
 Thy lips bore my kiss;
 Thy kisses repeated
 The rapture of bliss.

Of blessings, best blessing!
 O joy! while I deem
 My lips thine are pressing—
 O joy!—'Twas a dream.

Fr. Turinsky was born in 1796. Though his time is devoted chiefly to the practice of the law, he has found leisure to write some good plays, and poems of considerable merit. His tragedy of *Angeline* has been translated into German.

THE MAIDEN BY THE STREAM.

The maiden in the flowing stream
 Dry hemp doth lay;
 Her tears are falling in the stream
 From those blue eyes so bright, that beam
 The livelong day.

"Say maiden! what disturbs thy peace
 The livelong day?"
 "Deep wounds have stabb'd my spirit's peace,
 And nought shall bid its misery cease
 But life's decay."

"And didst thou see a horrid dream
 With pale affright?"
 "O no! it was no frightful dream—
 It was a shadow on the stream,
 But not of night.

"It wore a wreath upon its head,
 And took its flight;
 Borne on the rapid stream it fled
 With the green wreath upon its head—
 My hopes to spite."

The maiden in the flowing stream,
 Dry hemp doth lay;
 Her tears are falling in the stream,
 Her blue eyes paled with life's last gleam
 That flits away.

Sophia Jandowa was born near Prague. She was the daughter of a teacher who bestowed much care upon her education, and had the satisfaction of seeing his love and attention repaid by the diligence and proficiency of his child and pupil. Her articles which appeared in the periodicals won her the admiration of the public in general, and of the opposite sex in particular. Since blessing with her hand one of the many who were her suitors, she has so completely merged the authoress in the mother that she seldom sweeps the dust from her lyre.

THE AWAKENED MAID.

The stars in heaven's gray azure disappear—
The morning-lingerer shakes his trembling beams—
All, all is silent—all but chanticleer;
And I am roused from solitary dreams.

Upon the flowers is hung the sparkling dew—
I look abroad—the passing and the past
Hours of existence I retrace anew,
And waste deep sighs across the barren waste.

Some gloomy fate o'ershades me—heaviness
Weighs down my heart, and sorrow flows in tears,
And fear outpours its vials of distress—
And yet I know no cause of guilt—or fears.

I have no conscience-smitings, but I see
Where'er I turn, the selfsame piercing eye—
Once, only once I looked on steadily,
Then turn'd me from the shade that flitted by.

Come golden dream—come cradle in thy arms
My overburdened heart, and kindly keep
My soul from all these wakings—these alarms;
Come golden dream—come tranquillizing sleep.

"O go not back, sweet maid! for many a night—
Yest many a night these dreams shall visit thee;
Shapes round thy windows flit at morning light—
Give him thy sighs—and love thy prize shall be."

Paul Joseph Safarik was born in 1795 at Prague. He is a professor in the gymnasium of Neusatz, in Slavonia. Besides his history of the language and literature of Slavonia he has written many poems of an elevated character. We would present the reader with a few extracts from his Oldrich and Bozena, a tale of great beauty, but we have not space.

N. C. B.

THE PSYCHE ZENO比亚.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

I PRESUME every body has heard of me. My name is the Signora Psyche Zenobia. This I know to be a fact. Nobody but my enemies ever calls me Suky Snobbs. I have been assured that Suky is but a vulgar corruption of Psyche, which is good Greek, and means "the soul"—(that's me, I'm *all* soul)—and sometimes "a butterfly," which latter meaning alludes to my appearance in my new crimson satin dress, with the sky blue Arabian *mantelet*, and the trimmings of green *agraffas*, and the seven flounces of orange-coloured *auriculas*. As for Snobbs—any person who should look at me would be instantly aware that my name was'nt Snobbs. Miss Tabitha Turnip propagated that report through sheer envy. Tabitha Turnip indeed! Oh the little wretch! But what can we expect from a turnip? Wonder if she remembers the old adage about "blood out of a turnip, &c." [Mem: put her in mind of it the first opportunity.] [Mem: again—pull her nose.] Where was I? Ah! I have been assured that Snobbs is a mere corruption of Zenobia, and that Zenobia was a queen (so am I. Dr. Moneypenny, always calls me the Queen of Hearts) and that Zenobia, as well as Psyche, is good Greek, and that my father was "a Greek," and that consequently I have a right to our original patronymic, which is Zenobia, and not by any means Snobbs. Nobody but Tabitha Turnip calls me Suky Snobbs. I am the Signora Psyche Zenobia.

As I said before, every body has heard of me. I am that very Signora Psyche Zenobia, so justly celebrated as corresponding secretary to the "*Philadelphia, Regular-Exchange, Tea-Total, Young, Belles-Lettres, Universal, Experimental, Bibliographical Association To Civilize Humanity.*" Dr. Moneypenny made the title for us, and says he chose it because it sounded big like an empty rum-puncheon. (A vulgar man that sometimes—but he's deep.) We all sign the initials of the society after our names, in the fashion of the R. S. A., Royal Society of Arts—the S. D. U. K., Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, &c. &c. Dr. Money-

penny says that S stands for *stale*, and that D. U. K. spells duck, (but it don't,) and that S. D. U. K. stands for Stale Duck, and not for Lord Brougham's society—but then Dr. Moneypenny is such a queer man that I am never sure when he is telling me the truth. At any rate we always add to our names the initials P.R.E.T.T.Y.B.L.U.E.B.A.T.C.H.—that is to say, Philadelphia, Regular-Exchange, Tea-Total, Young, Belles-Lettres, Universal, Experimental, Bibliographical, Association, To, Civilize, Humanity—one letter for each word, which is a decided improvement upon Lord Brougham. Dr. Moneypenny will have it that our initials give our true character—but for my life I can't see what he means.

Notwithstanding the good offices of Dr. Moneypenny, and the strenuous exertions of the association to get itself into notice, it met with no very great success until I joined it. The truth is, members indulged in too flippant a tone of discussion. The papers read every Saturday evening were characterized less by depth than buffoonery. They were all whipped syllabub. There was no investigation of first causes, first principles. There was no investigation of any thing at all. There was no attention paid to that great point the "fitness of things." In short, there was no fine writing like this. It was all low—very! No profundity, no reading, no metaphysics—nothing which the learned call spirituality, and which the unlearned choose to stigmatize as cant. [Dr. M. says I ought to spell "cant" with a capital K—but I know better.]

When I joined the society it was my endeavour to introduce a better style of thinking and writing, and all the world knows how well I have succeeded. We get up as good papers now in the P.R.E.T.T.Y.B.L.U.E.B.A.T.C.H. as any to be found even in Blackwood. I say Blackwood, because I have been assured that the finest writing, upon every subject, is to be discovered in the pages of that justly celebrated Magazine, we now take it for our model upon all themes, and are getting into rapid notice accordingly. And, after all, it's not so very difficult a matter to compose an article of the genuine Blackwood stamp, if one only goes properly about it. Of course I don't speak of the political articles. Every body knows how *they* are managed, since Dr. Moneypenny explained it. Mr. Blackwood has a pair of tailor's shears, and three apprentices who stand by him for orders. One hands him the "Times," another the "Examiner," and the third a "Gulley's New Compendium of Slang-Whang." Mr. B. merely cuts out and intersperses. It is soon done—nothing but Examiner, Slang-Whang, and Times, then Times,

Slang-Whang and Examiner—and then Times, Examiner and Slang-Whang.

But the chief merit of the Magazine lies in its miscellaneous articles; and the best of these come under the head of what Dr. Moneypenny calls the *bizarceries* (whatever that may mean) and what every body else calls the *intensities*. This is a species of writing which I have long known how to appreciate, although it is only since my late visit to Mr. Blackwood (deputed by the society) that I have been made aware of the exact method of composition. This method is very simple, but not so much so as the politics. Upon my calling at Mr. B's, and making known to him the wishes of the society, he received me with great civility, took me into his study, and gave me a clear explanation of the whole process.

"My dear madam," said he, evidently struck with my majestic appearance, for I had on the crimson satin, with the green *agraffas*, and orange-coloured *auriculas*.

"My dear madam," said he, sit down. The matter stands thus. In the first place, your writer of intensities must have very black ink, and a very big pen, with a very blunt nib. And, mark me, Miss Psyche Zenobia! "he continued, after a pause, with the most impressive energy and solemnity of manner," mark me!—*that pen—must—never be mended!* Herein, madam, lies the secret, the soul, of intensity. I assume it upon myself to say, that no individual, of however great genius, ever wrote with a good pen, understand me, a good article. You may take it for granted, madam, that when a manuscript can be read it is never worth reading. This is a leading principle in our faith, to which if you can not readily assent, our conference is at an end."

He paused. But, of course, as I had no wish to put an end to the conference, I assented to a proposition so very obvious, and one, too, of whose truth I had all along been sufficiently aware. He seemed pleased, and went on with his instructions.

"It may appear invidious to me, Miss Psyche Zenobia, to refer you to any article, or set of articles, in the way of model or study; yet perhaps I may as well call your attention to a few cases. Let me see. There was "*The Dead Alive*," a capital thing!—the record of a gentleman's sensations when entombed before the breath was out of his body—full of tact, taste, terror, sentiment, metaphysics, and erudition. You would have sworn that the writer had been born and brought up in a coffin. Then we had the "*Confessions of an Opium-Eater*"—fine, very fine!—glorious imagination—deep philo-

sophy—acute speculation—plenty of fire and fury, and a good spicing of the decidedly unintelligible. That was a nice bit of flummery, and went down the throats of the people delightfully. They would have it that Coleridge wrote the paper—but not so. It was composed by my pet baboon, Juniper, over a rummer of Hollands and water, hot, without sugar.” [This I could scarcely have believed had it been any body but Mr. Blackwood, who assured me of it.] Then there was “*The Involuntary Experimentalist*,” all about a gentleman who got baked in an oven, and came out alive and well, although certainly done to a turn. And then there was “*The Diary of a Late Physician*,” where the merit lay in good rant, and indifferent Greek—both of them taking things with the public. And then there was “*The Man in the Bell*,” a paper, by the bye, Miss Zenobia, which I cannot sufficiently recommend to your attention. It is the history of a young person who goes to sleep under the clapper of a church bell, and is awakened by its tolling for a funeral. The sound drives him mad, and, accordingly, pulling out his tablets, he gives a record of his sensations. Sensations are the great things after all. Should you ever be drowned or hung, be sure and make a note of your sensations—they will be worth to you ten guineas a sheet. If you wish to write forcibly, Miss Zenobia, pay minute attention to the sensations.”

“That I certainly will, Mr. Blackwood,” said I.”

“Good!” he replied. “I see you are a pupil after my own heart. But I must put you *au fait* to the details necessary in composing what may be denominated a genuine Blackwood article of the sensation stamp—the kind which you will understand me to say I consider the best for all purposes.

“The first thing requisite is to get yourself into such a scrape as no one ever got into before. The oven, for instance—that was a good hit. But if you have no oven, or big bell, at hand, and if you cannot conveniently tumble out of a balloon, or be swallowed up in an earthquake, or get stuck fast in a chimney, you will have to be contented with simply imagining some similar mis-adventure. I should prefer, however, that you have the actual fact to bear you out. Nothing so well assists the fancy, as an experimental knowledge of the matter in hand. ‘Truth is strange,’ you know, ‘stranger than fiction’—besides being more to the purpose.”

Here I assured him I had an excellent pair of garters, and would go and hang myself forthwith.

“Good!” he replied, “do so—although hanging is somewhat hacknied. Perhaps you might do better. Take a dose

of Morrison's pills, and then give us your sensations. However, my instructions will apply equally well to any variety of misadventure, and in your way home you may easily get knocked in the head, or run over by an omnibus, or bitten by a mad dog, or drowned in a gutter. But, to proceed.

"Having determined upon your subject, you must next consider the tone, or manner, of your narration. There is the tone didactic, the tone enthusiastic, the tone sentimental, and the tone natural—all common-place enough. But then there is the tone laconic, or curt, which has lately come much into use. It consists in short sentences. Some how thus. Can't be too brief. Can't be too Snappish. Always a full stop. And never a paragraph.

"Then there is the tone elevated, diffusive, and interjectional. Some of our best novelists patronize this tone. The words must be all in a whirl, like a humming-top, and make a noise very similar, which answers remarkably well instead of meaning. This is the best of all possible styles where the writer is in too great a hurry to think.

"The tone mystic is also a good one—but requires some skill in the handling. The beauty of this lies in a knowledge of innuendo. Hint all, and assert nothing. If you desire to say 'bread and butter,' do not by any means say it outright. You may say any thing and every thing *approaching* to 'bread and butter.' You may hint at 'buck-wheat cake,' or you may even go as far as to insinuate 'oat-meal porridge,' but, if 'bread and butter' is your real meaning, be cautious, my dear Miss Psyche, not on any account to say 'bread and butter.'"

I assured him that I would never say it again as long as I lived. He continued.

"There are various other tones of equal celebrity, but I shall only mention two more, the tone metaphysical, and the tone heterogeneous. In the former, the merit consists in seeing into the nature of affairs a very great deal farther than any body else. This second sight is very efficient when properly managed. A little reading of '*The Sorrows of Werter*,' will carry you a great way. If you know any big words this is your chance for them. Talk of the academy and the lyceum, and say something about the Ionic and Italic schools, or about Bossarion, and Kant, and Schelling, and Fitche, and be sure you abuse a man called Locke, and bring in the words *a priori* and *a posteriori*. As for the tone heterogeneous, it is merely a judicious mixture, in equal proportions, of all the other tones in the world, and is consequently made up of

every thing deep, great, odd, piquant and pertinent, and pretty."

"Let us suppose now you have determined upon your incidents and tone. The most important portion, in fact the soul, of the whole business is yet to be attended to—I allude to *the filling up*. It is not to be supposed that a lady or gentleman either has been leading the life of a bookworm. And yet above all things is it necessary that your article have an air of erudition, or at least afford evidence of extensive general reading. Now I'll put you in the way of accomplishing this point. See here! (pulling down some three or four ordinary looking volumes, and opening them at random.) By casting your eye down almost any page of any book in the world, you will be able to perceive at once a host of little scraps of either learning or *bel-esprit-ism* which are the very thing for the spicing of a Blackwood article. You might as well note down a few while I read them to you. I shall make two divisions: first, *Piquant Facts for the Manufacture of Similes*; and second, *Piquant Expressions to be introduced as occasion may require*. Write now!" and I wrote as he dictated.

PIQUANT FACTS FOR SIMILES. 'There were originally but three muses—Melete, Mneme, and Aëde—meditation, memory, and singing.' You may make a great deal of that little fact if properly worked. You see it is not generally known, and looks *recherché*. You must be careful and give the thing with a downright *improviso* air.

Again. 'The river Alpheus passed beneath the sea, and emerged without injury to the purity of its waters.' Rather stale that, to be sure, but, if properly dressed and dished up, will look quite as fresh as ever.

Here is something better. 'The Persian Iris appears to some persons to possess a sweet and very powerful perfume, while to others, it is perfectly scentless.' Fine that, and very delicate! Turn it about a little, and it will do wonders. We'll have something else in the botanical line. There's nothing goes down so well, especially with the help of a little Latin. Write!

'*The Epidendrum Flos Aeris*, of Java bears a very beautiful flower, and will live when pulled up by the roots. The natives suspend it by a cord from the ceiling, and enjoy its fragrance for years.' That's capital! That will do for the similes. Now for the Piquant expressions.

PIQUANT EXPRESSIONS. '*The venerable Chinese novel Ju-Kiao-Li*.' Good! By introducing these few words with

dexterity you will evince your intimate acquaintance with the language and literature of the Chinese. With the aid of this you may possibly get along without either Arabic, or Sanscrit, or Chickasaw. There is no passing muster, however, without French, Spanish, Italian, German, Latin and Greek. I must look you out a little specimen of each. Any scrap will answer, because you must depend upon your own ingenuity to make it fit into your article. Now write!

'Aussi tendre que Zaire'—as tender as Zaire—French. Alludes to the frequent repetition of the phrase, *la tendre Zaire*, in the French tragedy of that name. Properly introduced, will show not only your knowledge of the language, but your general reading and wit. You can say, for instance, that the chicken you were eating (write an article about being choked to death by a chicken-bone) was altogether *aussi tendre que zaire*. Write!

*'Van muerte tan escondida,
Que no te sienta venir,
Porque el placer del morir
No me torne a dar la vida.'*

That's Spanish—from Miguel de Cervantes. 'Come quickly O death! but be sure and don't let me see you coming, lest the pleasure I shall feel at your appearance should unfortunately bring me back again to life.' This you may slip in quite *à propos* when you are struggling in the last agonies with the chicken-bone. Write!

*'Il pover 'huomo che non s'en era accorto,
Andava combattendo, e era morto.'*

That's Italian, you perceive—from Ariosto. It means that a great hero, in the heat of combat, not perceiving that he had been fairly killed, continued to fight valiantly, dead as he was. The application of this to your own case is obvious—for I trust, Miss Psyche, that you will not neglect to kick for at least an hour and a half after you have been choked to death by that chicken-bone. Please to write!

*'Und sterb'ich doch, so sterb'ich denn
Durch sie—durch sie!'*

That's German—from Schiller. And if I die, at least I die—for thee—for thee! Here it is clear that you are apostrophising the *cause* of your disaster, the chicken. Indeed

what gentleman, (or lady either) of sense, *wouldn't* die, I should like to know, for a well fattened capon of the right Molucca breed, stuffed with capers and mushrooms, and served up in a salad-bowl, with orange-jellies *en mosaiques*. Write! (You can get them that way at Tortoni's,) write, if you please!

Here is a nice little Latin phrase, and rare too, (one can't be too *recherché* or brief in one's Latin, its getting so common.) *Ignoratio elenchi*. He has committed an *ignoratio elenchi*—that is to say he has understood the words of your proposition, but not the ideas. The man was a *fool*, you see. Some poor fellow, you perceive, whom you addressed while choking with that chicken-bone, who therefore did'n't precisely understand what you were talking about. Throw the *ignoratio elenchi* in his teeth, and, at once, you have him annihilated. If he dares to reply, you can tell him from Lucan (here it is) that his speeches are mere *anemonæ verborum*, anemone words. The anemone, with great brilliancy, has no smell. Or, if he begins to bluster, you may be down upon him with *insomnia Jovis*, reveries of Jupiter—a phrase which Longinus (see here!) applies to thoughts, pompous and inflated. This will be sure and cut him to the heart. He can do nothing but roll over and die. Will you be kind enough to write.

In Greek we must have something pretty from Demosthenes—for example. Ανερ ο φεογων και παλιν μακησεται. [Aner o pheogon kai palin makesetai.] There is a tolerably good translation of it in Hudibras—

For he that flies may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.

In a Blackwood article nothing makes so fine a show as your Greek. The very letters have an air of profundity about them. Only observe, madam, the acute look of that Epsilon! That Phi ought certainly to be a bishop! Was ever there a smarter fellow than that Omicron? Just twig that Tau! In short there's nothing like Greek for a genuine sensation-paper. In the present case your application is the most obvious thing in the world. Rap out the sentence, with a huge oath, and by way of *ultimatum*, at the good-for-nothing dunder-headed villain who couldn't understand your plain English in relation to the chicken-bone. He'll take the hint and be off, you may depend upon it.

These were all the instructions Mr. B. could afford me upon the topic in question, but I felt they would be entirely sufficient. I was, at length, able to write a genuine Blackwood article, and determined to do it forthwith. In taking leave of me, Mr. B. made a proposition for the purchase of the paper when written; but, as he could only offer me fifty guineas a sheet, I thought it better to let our society have it, than sacrifice it for so trivial a sum. Notwithstanding this niggardly spirit, however, the gentleman showed his consideration for me in all other respects, and indeed treated me with the greatest civility. His parting words made a deep impression upon my heart, and I hope I shall always remember them with gratitude.

"My dear Miss Zenobia," he said, while tears stood in his eyes, "is there *any* thing else I can do to promote the success of your laudable undertaking? Let me reflect! It is just possible that you may not be able, as soon as convenient, to—to—get yourself drowned, or—choked with a chicken-bone, or—or hung,—or—bitten by a—but stay! Now I think me of it, there are a couple of very excellent bull-dogs in the yard—fine fellows, I assure you—savage, and all that—indeed just the thing for your money—they'll have you eaten up, *auriculas* and all, in less than five minutes (here's my watch!)—and then only think of the sensations! Here! I say—Tom!—Peter!—Dick, you villain!—let out those"—but as I was really in a great hurry, and had not another moment to spare, I was reluctantly forced to expedite my departure, and accordingly took my leave *at once*—somewhat more abruptly, I admit, than strict courtesy would have, otherwise, allowed.

It was my primary object, upon quitting Mr. Blackwood, to get into some immediate difficulty, pursuant to his advice, and with this view I spent a greater part of the day in wandering about Edinburgh, seeking for desperate adventures—adventures adequate to the intensity of my feelings, and adapted to the vast character of the article I intended to write. In this excursion I was attended by my negro-servant Pompey, and my little lap-dog Diana, whom I had brought with me from Philadelphia. It was not, however, until late in the afternoon that I fully succeeded in my arduous undertaking. An important event then happened of which the following Blackwood article, in the tone heterogeneous, is the substance and result.

THE SCYTHE OF TIME.

It was a quiet and still afternoon when I strolled forth in the goodly city of Edina. The confusion and bustle in the streets were terrible. Men were talking. Women were screaming. Children were choking. Pigs were whistling. Carts they rattled. Bulls they bellowed. Cows they lowed. Horses they neighed. Cats they catterwauled. Dogs they danced. *Danced!* Could it then be possible? *Danced!* Alas! thought I, *my* dancing days are over! Thus it is ever. What a host of gloomy recollections will ever and anon be awakened in the mind of genius and imaginative contemplation, especially of a genius doomed to the everlasting, and eternal, and continual, and, as one might say, the *continued*—yes the *continued and continuous*, bitter, harassing, disturbing, and, if I may be allowed the expression, the *very* disturbing influence of the serene, and godlike, and heavenly, and exalting, and elevated, and purifying effect of what may be rightly termed the most enviable, the most *truly* enviable—nay! the most benignly beautiful, the most deliciously ethereal, and, as it were, the most *pretty* (if I may use so bold an expression) *thing* (pardon me, gentle reader!) in the world—but I am led away by my feelings. In *such* a mind, I repeat, what a host of recollections are stirred up by a triflē! The dogs danced! *I—I could not!* They frisked. I wept. They capered. I sobbed aloud. Touching circumstances! which cannot fail to bring to the recollection of the classical reader that exquisite passage in relation to the fitness of things which is to be found in the commencement of the third volume of that admirable and venerable Chinese novel, the *Jo-Go-Slow*.

In my solitary walk through the city I had two humble but faithful companions. Diana, my poodle! sweetest of creatures! She had a quantity of hair over her one eye, and a blue ribband tied fashionably around her neck. Diana was not more than five inches in height, but her head was somewhat bigger than her body, and, her tail being cut off exceedingly close, gave an air of injured innocence to the interesting animal which rendered her a favourite with all.

And Pompey, my nigger! sweet Pompey! how shall I ever forget thee? I had taken Pompey's arm. He was three feet in height (I like to be particular) and about seventy, or perhaps eighty, years of age. He had bow-legs and was corpulent. His mouth should not be called small, nor his ears short. His teeth, however, were like pearl, and his large full eyes were deliciously white. Nature had endowed him

with no neck, and had placed his ankles (as usual with that race) in the middle of the upper portion of the feet. He was clad with a striking simplicity. His sole garments were a stock of nine inches in height, and a nearly-new drab overcoat which had formerly been in the service of the tall, stately, and illustrious Dr. Moneypenny. It was a good overcoat. It was well cut. It was well made. The coat was nearly new. Pompey held it up out of the dirt with both hands.

There were three persons in our party, and two of them have already been the subject of remark. There was a third—That third person was myself. I am the Signora Psyche Zenobia. I am *not* Sukey Snobbs. My appearance is commanding. On the memorable occasion of which I speak I was habited in a crimson satin dress, with a sky-blue Arabian mantelet. And the dress had trimmings of green agrafas, and seven graceful flounces of the orange-coloured auricula. I thus formed the third of the party. There was the poodle. There was Pompey. There was myself. We were *three*. Thus it is said there were originally but three Furies—Melty, Nimmy and Hetty—Meditation, Memory, and Singing.

Leaning upon the arm of the gallant Pompey, and attended at a respectful distance by Diana, I proceeded down one of the populous and very pleasant streets of the now deserted Edina. On a sudden, there presented itself to view a church—a Gothic cathedral—vast, venerable, and with a tall steeple, which towered into the sky. What madness now possessed me? Why did I rush upon my fate? I was seized with an uncontrollable desire to ascend the giddy pinnacle and thence survey the immense extent of the city. The door of the cathedral stood invitingly open. My destiny prevailed. I entered the ominous archway. Where then was my guardian angel?—if indeed such angels there be. *If!* Distressing monosyllable! what a world of mystery, and meaning, and doubt and uncertainty is there involved in thy two letters! I entered the ominous archway! I entered; and, without injury to my orange-coloured auriculas, I passed beneath the portal, and emerged within the vestibule! Thus it is said the immense river Alceus passed unscathed, and unwetted, beneath the sea.

I thought the staircases would never have an end. *Round!* Yes they went round and up, and round and up, and round and up, until I could not help surmising with the sagacious Pompey, upon whose supporting arm I leaned in all the confidence of early affection—I could not help surmising that the upper end of the continuous spiral ladder had been acciden-

tally, or perhaps designedly, removed. I paused for breath; and, in the meantime, an incident occurred of too momentous a nature in a moral, and also in a metaphysical point of view, to be passed over without notice. It appeared to me—indeed I was quite confident of the fact—I could not be mistaken. No! I had, for some moments, carefully and anxiously observed the motions of my Diana. I say that I *could not be* mistaken. Diana *smelt a rat!* I called Pompey's attention to the subject, and he—he agreed with me. There was then no longer any reasonable room for doubt. The rat had been smelled—and by Diana. Heavens! shall I ever forget the intense excitement of that moment? Alas! what is the boasted intellect of man? The rat!—it was there—that is to say, it was somewhere. Diana smelled the rat. *I—I could not!* Thus it is said the Prussian Isis has, for some persons, a sweet and very powerful perfume, while to others it is perfectly scentless.

The staircase had been surmounted, and there were now only three or four more upward steps intervening between us and the summit. We still ascended, and now only one step remained. One step! One little, little step! Upon one such little step in the great staircase of human life how vast a sum of human happiness or misery often depends. I thought of myself, and then of Pompey, and then of the mysterious and inexplicable destiny which surrounded us. I thought of Pompey!—alas, I thought of love! I thought of the many false *steps* which have been taken, and may be taken again. I resolved to be more cautious, more reserved. I abandoned the arm of Pompey, and, without his assistance, surmounted the one remaining step, and gained the chamber of the belfry. I was followed immediately afterwards by my poodle. Pompey alone remained behind. I stood at the head of the staircase, and encouraged him to ascend. He stretched forth to me his hand, and unfortunately in so doing was forced to abandon his firm hold upon the overcoat. Will the gods never cease their persecution? The overcoat it dropped, and, with one of his feet, Pompey stepped upon the long and trailing skirt of the overcoat. He stumbled and fell—this consequence was inevitable. He fell forwards, and, with his accursed head, striking me full in the—in the breast, precipitated me headlong, together with himself, upon the hard, the filthy, the detestable floor of the belfry. But my revenge was sure, sudden, and complete. Seizing him furiously by the wool with both hands, I tore out a vast quantity of the black, and crisp, and curling material, and tossed it from me with every manifestation of disdain. It fell among the ropes of the belfry and remained. Pompey

arose, and said no word. But he regarded me piteously with his large eyes and—sighed. Ye gods—that sigh! It sunk into my heart. And the hair—the wool! Could I have reached that wool I would have bathed it with my tears, in testimony of regret. But alas! it was now far beyond my grasp. As it dangled among the cordage of the bell, I fancied it still alive. I fancied that it stood on end with indignation. Thus the *happy dandy Flos Aeris* of Java, bears, it is said, a beautiful flower, which will live when pulled up by the roots. The natives suspend it by a cord from the ceiling and enjoy its fragrance for years.

Our quarrel was now made up, and we looked about the room for an aperture through which to survey the city of Edina. Windows there were none. The sole light admitted into the gloomy chamber proceeded from a square opening, about a foot in diameter, at a height of about seven feet from the floor. Yet what will the energy of true genius not effect? I resolved to clamber up to this hole. A vast quantity of wheels, pinions, and other cabalistic-looking machinery stood opposite the hole, close to it; and through the hole there passed an iron rod from the machinery. Between the wheels and the wall where the hole lay, there was barely room for my body—yet I was desperate, and determined to persevere. I called Pompey to my side.

"You perceive that aperture Pompey. I wish to look through it. You will stand here just beneath the hole—so. Now hold out one of your hands, Pompey, and let me step upon it—thus. Now the other, hand, Pompey, and with its aid I will get upon your shoulders."

He did every thing I wished, and I found, upon getting up, that I could easily pass my head and neck through the aperture. The prospect was sublime. Nothing could be more magnificent. I merely paused a moment to bid Diana behave herself, and assure Pompey that I would be considerate and bear as lightly as possible upon his shoulders. I told him I would be tender of his feelings—*osso tender que Zaire*. Having done this justice to my faithful friend, I gave myself up with great zest and enthusiasm to the enjoyment of the scene which so obligingly spread itself out before my eyes.

Upon this subject, however, I shall forbear to dilate. I will not describe the city of Edinburg. Every one has been to Edinburg—the classic Edina. I will confine myself to the momentous details of my own lamentable adventure. Having, in some measure satisfied my curiosity in regard to the extent, situation, and general appearance of the city, I had lei-

sure to survey the church in which I was, and the delicate architecture of the steeple. I observed that the aperture through which I had thrust my head was an opening in the dial-plate of a gigantic clock, and must have appeared, from the street, as a large key-hole, such as we see in the face of French watches. No doubt the true object was to admit the arm of an attendant, to adjust, when necessary, the hands of the clock from within. I observed also, with surprise, the immense size of these hands, the longest of which could not have been less than ten feet in length, and, where broadest, eight or nine inches in breadth. They were of solid steel apparently, and their edges appeared to be sharp. Having noticed these particulars, and some others, I again turned my eyes upon the glorious prospect below, and soon became absorbed in contemplation.

From this, after some minutes, I was aroused by the voice of Pompey, who declared he could stand it no longer, and requested that I would be so kind as to come down. This was unreasonable, and I told him so in a speech of some length. He replied, but with an evident misunderstanding of my ideas upon the subject. I accordingly grew angry, and told him in plain words that he was a fool, that he had committed an *ignoramus e-clench-eye*, that his notions were mere *insommary Bovis*, and his words little better than *an enemy werrybor'em*. With this he appeared satisfied, and I resumed my contemplations.

It might have been half an hour after my altercation with Pompey, when, as I was deeply absorbed in the heavenly scenery beneath me, I was startled by something very cold which pressed with a gentle pressure upon the back of my neck. It is needless to say that I felt inexpressibly alarmed. I knew that Pompey was beneath my feet, and that Diana was sitting, according to my express directions, upon her hind-legs in the farthest corner of the room. What could it be? Alas! I but too soon discovered. Turning my head gently to one side, I perceived, to my extreme horror, that the huge, glittering, scimetar-like minute-hand of the clock, had, in the course of its hourly revolution, *descended upon my neck*. There was, I knew, not a second to be lost. I pulled back at once—but it was too late. There was no chance of forcing my head through the mouth of that terrible trap in which it was so fairly caught, and which grew narrower and narrower with a rapidity too horrible to be conceived. The agony of that moment is not to be imagined. I threw up my hands and endeavoured with all my strength to force upwards the ponderous iron-bar. I might as well

have tried to lift the cathedral itself. Down, down, down it came, closer, and yet closer. I screamed to Pompey for aid, but he said that I had hurt his feelings by calling him "an ignorant old squint eye." I yelled to Diana, but she only said "bow-wow-wow," and that "I had told her on no account to stir from the corner." Thus I had no relief to expect from my associates.

Meantime the ponderous and terrific *Scythe of Time* (for I now discovered the literal import of that classical phrase) had not stopped, nor was likely to stop, in its career. Down and still down, it came. It had already buried its sharp edge a full inch in my flesh, and my sensations grew indistinct and confused. At one time I fancied myself in Philadelphia with the stately Dr Moneypenny, at another in the back parlor of Mr Blackwood receiving his invaluable instructions. And then again the sweet recollection of better and earlier times came over me, and I thought of that happy period when the world was not all a desert, and Pompey not altogether cruel.

The ticking of the machinery amused me. *Amused me*, I say, for my sensations now bordered upon perfect happiness, and the most trifling circumstances afforded me pleasure. The eternal *click-clack, click-clack, click-clack*, of the clock was the most melodious of music in my ears—and occasionally even put me in mind of the grateful sermonic harangues of Dr Ol-lapod. Then there were the great figures upon the dial-plate—how intelligent, how intellectual, they all looked! And presently they took to dancing the Mazurka, and I think it was the figure V who performed the most to my satisfaction. She was evidently a lady of breeding. None of your swaggers, and nothing at all indelicate in her motions. She did the piroette to admiration—whirling round upon her apex. I made an endeavour to hand her a chair for I saw that she appeared fatigued with her exertions—and it was not until then that I fully perceived my lamentable situation. Lamentable indeed! The bar had buried itself two inches in my neck. I was aroused to a sense of exquisite pain. I prayed for death, and, in the agony of the moment, could not help repeating those exquisite verses of the poet Miguel de Cervantes.

Vanny Buren, tan escondida
Query no te senty venny
Pork and pleasure, delly morry
Nommy, torny, darry, widdy!

But now a new horror presented itself, and one indeed sufficient to startle the strongest nerves. My eyes from the cruel pressure of the machine, were absolutely starting from their

sockets. While I was thinking how I should possibly manage without them, one actually tumbled out of my head, and rolling down the steep side of the steeple, lodged in the rain gutter which ran along the eaves of the main building. The loss of the eye was not so much as the insolent air of independence and contempt with which it regarded me after it was out. There it lay in the gutter just under my nose, and the airs it gave itself would have been ridiculous had they not been disgusting. Such a winking and blinking was never before seen. This behaviour on the part of my eye in the gutter was not only irritating on account of its manifest insolence and shameful ingratitude, but was also exceedingly inconvenient on account of the sympathy which always exists between two eyes of the same head, however far apart. I was forced, in a manner, to wink and blink, whether I would or not, in exact concert with the scoundrelly thing that lay just under my nose. I was presently relieved, however, by the dropping out of the other eye. In falling, it took the same direction (possibly a concerted plot) as its fellow. Both rolled out of the gutter together, and in truth I was very glad to rid of them.

The bar was now three inches and a half deep in my neck, and there was only a little bit of skin to cut through. My sensations were those of entire happiness, for I felt that in a few minutes, at farthest, I should be relieved from my disagreeable situation. And in this expectation I was not at all deceived. At twenty-five minutes past five in the afternoon precisely, the huge minute-hand had proceeded sufficiently far on its terrible revolution to sever the small remainder of my neck. I was not sorry to see the head which had occasioned me so much embarrassment at length make a final separation from my body. It first rolled down the side of the steeple, then lodged for a few seconds in the gutter, and then made its way, with a plunge, into the middle of the street.

I will candidly confess that my feelings were now of the most singular, nay of the most mysterious, the most perplexing and incomprehensible character. My senses were here and there at one and the same moment. With my head I imagined, at one time, that I, the head, was the real Signora Psyche Zenobia—at another I felt convinced that myself, the body, was the proper identity. To clear my ideas upon this topic I felt in my pocket for my snuff-box, but, upon getting it, and endeavouring to apply a pinch of its grateful contents in the ordinary manner, I became immediately aware of my peculiar deficiency, and threw the box at once down to my head. It took a pinch with great satisfaction, and smiled me an acknowledgment in return. Shortly afterwards it made

me a speech, which I could hear but indistinctly without my ears. I gathered enough, however, to know that it was astonished at my wishing to remain alive under such circumstances. In the concluding sentences it compared me to the hero in Ariosto, who, in the heat of combat, not perceiving that he was dead, continued to fight valiantly dead as he was. I remember that it used the precise words of the poet.

*Il pover hommy che non sera cortly
And have a combat tenty erry morty.*

There was nothing now to prevent my getting down from my elevation, and I did so. What it was that Pompey saw so *very* peculiar in my appearance I have never yet been able to find out. The fellow opened his mouth from ear to ear, and shut his two eyes as if he was endeavouring to crack nuts between the lids. Finally, throwing off his overcoat, he made one spring for the staircase and—I never saw him again. I hurled after the scoundrel those vehement words of Demosthenes

Andrew O'Phlegethon, you really make haste to fly,

and then turned to the darling of my heart, to the curtailed, the one-eyed, the shaggy-haired Diana. Alas! what horrible vision affronted my eyes? *Was* that a rat I saw skulking into his hole? *Are* these the picked bones of the little angel who has been cruelly devoured by the monster? Ye Gods! and what *do* I behold? *Is—is* that the departed spirit, the shade, the ghost of my beloved puppy which I perceive sitting with a grace and face so melancholy, in the corner? Harken! for she speaks, and, Heavens! it is in the German of Schiller—

*"Unt stubby duk, so stubby dun
Duk she! duk she!"*

Alas!—and are not her words too true?

*And if I died at least I died
For thee—for thee.*

Sweet creature! she *too* has sacrificed herself in my behalf! Dogless, niggerless, headless, what *now* remains for the unhappy Signora Psyche Zenobia? Alas—*nothing*. I have done.

THE COOPER'S CHILD.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

I heard the knocker gently fall,
And rose to answer to the call,
When, there a little stranger stood
Serene, beneath her faded hood;
While under it, the wintry air
Went searching for her golden hair,
To catch the curls and throw them out,
And twirl and toss them all about.

She had a dewy, azure eye
As bright and soft as summer sky;
A pretty, dimpled, rosy cheek;
And modest mouth her wish to speak;
And when the little Emma told,
That she was seven winters old,
I thought the raiment that she wore,
Might well have numbered seven more.

The cloak, with hardly strength to hold
The name of one, looked thin and cold;
And, not a tuck in Emma's gown
Remained, again to let it down,
An inch or two of skirt to hide,
Which proved that any skirt, to bide
Its time and chances, smooth and rough,
Must first be made of "sterner stuff."

And at the tip of Emma's shoe,
Its little tenant peeping through,
Evinced that it was never put
Upon a slow, or idle foot;
While, by her slender hand, she bore
Her fortune round, from door to door,
Within a kerchief wrapped with care
About a piece of wooden ware.

"I want to sell you this," she said,
"For twenty pence to buy us bread.
It is a *piggin* smooth and tight,
That father finished late at night,

When I was tired and sleeping sound;
For, yesterday I carried round
Another just like this, that sold
For bread as much as it would hold.

"It served for supper; and to-day,
For breakfast ere I came away.
Before we ate it, father prayed,
That we no more might feel afraid
Of never being daily fed:
For he had took the Book, and read
The story, in its pleasant words,
About the Prophet and the birds.

"But father cannot walk, like him;
He's sick, and has a ruined limb.
He cannot stand, and use his feet;
But does his work upon a seat.
To save the ship from being lost,
He suffered by the storm and frost;
And then was brought so changed, from sea,
We thought at first it was not he!

"He was the cooper, and had made
So many voyages, he had laid
In store, he says, from all, a sum
To keep from age, and wants to come.
He placed it in the *Bank*, and felt
That silver there could never melt,
As in the purse, and in the hands,
Or down among the '*Eastern lands*.'

"When he was on that stormy trip,
And lost his health to save the ship;
The world turned upside-down so quick,
Poor mother says her heart grew sick,
To see the changes, and to know
How all he'd saved so long, must go!
But now, she would give ten times more,
To see him well, and as before.

"And father says, with all his care
For us, and all his pains to bear;
When he was told the bank had *failed*;—
The merchant too, for whom he sailed,
And he unpaid;—it was a shock,
As when a vessel strikes a rock;
For then, his last remaining rope
Was fastened to the anchor, *Hope*!

"But since he's better, and so well,
He makes such things as this, to sell,
While mother sews, and Katy knits,
And Eddy in the cradle sits;
Or leans upon a chair, and plays;
And laughs to see the shavings blaze,
He says he hopes the rudest gale
Will never make his *courage fail*.

"He'll thank you much for having bought
His new white piggin that I brought;
'Twill make them all so glad, when I
Go home with this, the loaves to buy.
For, father, though he cannot walk,
Will smile, and use his sailor talk.
He says, his little sail is set,
To scud, and shun the breaker, *debt*.

He says when so much sail is spread,
And one neglects to spy ahead,
To see on what his bark may dash,
He sometimes learns it in the crash!—
But skilful seamen have an eye
To rock and shoal, and sea and sky;
To every cord, and plank—and seek
To find and stop the slightest leak.

"But then, he adds, that, when a man
Does all he should, and all he can,
He may not always shun the storm
That from a sudden cloud may form.
'Tis therefore, ever safe, to be
At peace with Him who rules the sea;—
To keep his compass in the heart,
Though canvass, planks, and cables part!"

Newburyport, Massachusetts.

THE ATLANTIS.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IX.

Party at Mrs. Addison's.

As I had been somewhat fatigued, or rather wearied with sitting, I resolved to walk from Dr. Johnson's to my place of residence. In passing along the streets, I was soon recognized and surrounded by a group of men, women and children, who having heard of my arrival, and learned to distinguish my person, took this opportunity of having some communication with me. They consisted of the families of those soldiers who fought our battles during our revolutionary war. They hailed my arrival among them with loud and repeated acclamations, and requested me to inform all their friends and connexions upon my return home, that they were as happily settled in Saturnia and other parts of Atlantis, as their hearts could desire, and requested me to present their warmest greetings to their countrymen, and their earnest desires for the permanence and prosperity of the good Republick. Although she did not adequately reward us for our services, some of them exclaimed, yet we love her to the very bottom of our hearts. Tell our friends, said they, the States must remain united; if they separate, they will lose the boon for which we contended, and soil their honours in the dust. I was delighted with this inartificial display of patriotism and enthusiastic attachment to freedom. I spoke my good will and sympathy in terms as glowing as their own, promised to comply with their wishes on my return to America, and left them amidst their loudest acclamations of approbation and rapture.

After refreshing myself with a walk through the city, and upon my return home, amusing my mind with my books, as usual, always finding a high treat in the pages of Addison, Pope, Swift, Steele, or any of the classics in English or French, upon the arrival of the hour of eight in the evening, I hastened to Dr. Franklin's to attend his family to the party of Mrs. Addison. I found the ladies in expectation of my arrival.—They informed me that the custom in Saturnia was to be very punctual in visiting, since the ladies never protracted their entertainments beyond eleven o'clock, in ordinary evening parties, nor beyond one or two in the morning when their

largest assemblies are held, in which music and dancing are allowed, but from which all kinds of gambling or games of hazard are utterly excluded. This refined community, too, would think it a degradation to partake of a masquerade, or any amusement in which without meaning or moral purpose, they should assume the performance of any character different from their own. When we entered the dwelling, many elegant apartments were lighted, and there was evident preparation for a large assembly, although few persons had as yet arrived. The Miss Franklins introduced me to Mrs. Addison, who appeared to be a beautiful and accomplished lady, dressed with neatness and elegance, without superfluous decoration, unaffected in her manners and fluent in conversation. She received us with grace and affability, and with that air of complacency and satisfaction which indicated a disposition to receive and communicate pleasure. I soon found myself at entire ease in her company, and began a conversation concerning the peculiar happiness and advantages of her present situation. I spoke to her of the well earned honours of her father and husband, and said, that her emotions must now be vastly different from what they were in her lifetime, when the great Poet was driven by persecution into obscurity and want, and she and her sister were occupied in committing to paper his *Paradise Lost*. She answered, that she had always regarded it as a peculiar hardship, that so many of those men of genius of whom posterity was proud, should spend their lives in indigence and obscurity, or perhaps, what was worse, become the objects of malignity, hatred, and perpetual molestation and oppression. As to the part which she and her sister had acted, in consoling the retirement of her father, and softening the pains of age and infirmity, the world since that time, had laboured under an egregious mistake, arising out of the prejudices of the royalists against the republicans. She declared that no gratification could have been more exalted than hers in such offices of filial piety, and that she should never forget the impressions made upon her mind, as the several parts in the *Paradise Lost* were successively disclosed. The whole plan and conduct of the epic, the actors introduced upon the scene, and the sentiments expressed appeared, she continued, like the suggestions of some angelic spirit. One of the sources of her attachment to Mr. Addison, was his admiration of that greatest of all poems, and the excellent numbers he had written in the *Spectator* in commendation of it. We were, at this moment, joined by Madame Dacier, Madam De Stael, Madam Chastelet, Christina of Sweden, Mrs. Locke, Miss Burney,

Mrs. Edgeworth, and other celebrated ladies; Milton, the great poet, at the same time approached, and being made known to him by his daughter, I began to speak to him about his immortal works. Your poetic productions, I said, have conferred upon mankind one of its most invaluable treasures. This will be acknowledged by all ages, and their character has received the impress of eternity. The objections which have been brought against your *Paradise Lost*, have always appeared to me frivolous and futile, and particularly the one which is deemed the most important, relative to the scene which took place at the gates of hell, and the mythology, as it may be called, of sin and death. What say you to these exceptions? Have you regarded them as so important, as to omit them in the publication of your poem in the *Saturnian* edition?

Milton.—There are no productions of mankind which are entirely perfect, and as men are not perfect beings themselves, if they were so, they would not be so greatly relished as those which are imperfect. The very faults of a work not unfrequently, form its highest recommendations, and multiply the number of its readers. I have not, however, been able to discover the blemishes which have been mentioned in my *Paradise Lost*, although I clearly discern that it is susceptible of improvements. The fate of my work in this respect, nevertheless, is not singular. There never was issued any great attempt of genius, about which, besides all that is just and true, there has not been alleged every folly and absurdity which could arise or be engendered in the crude heads of the self-called critics. If Homer and Virgil have not met with more favourable treatment, I ought not to expect an escape from the fangs of this venomous tribe. He added, he had read carefully the exceptions taken by Voltaire, and thought them unsound and superficial. That writer wrote too rapidly to digest all his opinions.

Prospero.—You had a hard struggle, too, for the liberties of your country, and the prospect at one time seemed promising of establishing a republic.

Milton.—Yes; that, indeed, would have completed our triumph. Could such a man as Cicero, Cato, or Washington, have succeeded Cromwell, our victory would have been sure.

Prospero.—But would you not have found an insurmountable impediment in the inveterate habits and manners of the people and their deep-rooted attachment to monarchy? The readiness and alacrity with which the nation united in the restoration of Charles, proved that they were not yet prepared for a total change in their form of government. The old

nobility of the kingdom, and the established church, were depressed for a time by the anarchy and military despotism which prevailed, but that military despotism could not have long endured from the very nature of things, and as soon as that overwhelming masterdom was removed, the community must have returned to that political condition for which their old institutions, habits and manners had fitted them. No law in the physical world seems to be more steady and invariable in its operations, than that tendency in the moral, by which mankind are propelled to the formation of those political, civil and religious establishments which accord to their sentiments, habits and manners.

Milton.—I acknowledge the validity of this reasoning. I have read Montesquieu's admirable work, and assent to his opinions. The patriots in the time of Charles the First, felt the full force of that flood of public prejudice which swelled against them, and at last bore away all the mounds and embankments by which we endeavoured to secure our republic against the assaults of royalty. I have concluded, that changes in governments should be as gradually produced, as those which take place in the earth, waters, and atmosphere around us. Any efforts to precipitate them, do but produce mischiefs in the moral world, like storms, hurricanes, and inundations in the natural. We have the happiness to know, however, that tremendous as was the contest, and sanguinary as was the scene exhibited in the empire, the patriots of that era sowed those seeds of civil liberty, which although depressed for a season in the arbitrary reigns which succeeded, sprang up at the revolution effected by William, and have ever since been producing the goodly fruits of freedom to England and the whole world.

Prospero.—This is an honour which will be awarded you by all intelligent and impartial men. The blood which was shed at that period, has proved the seed of unnumbered future patriots in your country, in America, and in France. Heaven grant, that in future, nations may learn wisely to improve their conditions.

At this moment came up to us the celebrated Laurence Sterne, whose smiling countenance, as I had seen it portrayed in the frontispiece of the works I had read from his pen, was instantaneously recognised as that of an old acquaintance.—He, Rabelais, and Dean Swift, were always associated in my imagination, and I could not see one of the trio without thinking of the others also. This is a pleasure, said I, Mr. Yorick, that I never anticipated, of being in personal intercourse with the author of *Tristram Shandy* and the *sentimental Journey*,

who has relieved me from many an hour of ennui and spleen. Whenever my body has been excessively languid, or my mind depressed with melancholy, I have found the perusal of these pieces an effectual cure. Are you acquainted with Rabelais? He must have been a great wit for his time, and have had a meaning in his caricatures, wildest machinery and most grotesque representations, but I must confess I never was able to discover it. His Pantagruel, Garagantua Panurge, and other comic heroes, have no archetypes that I can trace in nature, and of course his merriment has been lost upon me. I can almost always decipher the moral import of the Tristram Shandy, and the Tale of the Tub, but in the dreams of "Rabelais' Easy Chair," and the Gulliver's Travels, I confess I perceive, except an occasional glimpse of light, nothing but shadowy forms, and incomprehensible symbols.

Sterne.—It was necessary that he should wrap up his meaning in an impenetrable veil of clouds and smoke. Had the politicians and ecclesiastics of his day been able to peep through the "blanket of that darkness," in which he shrouded his meaning, he would probably for his pains have been complimented with a cloak of hell fire and painted devlis for his costume, and then have saved his soul by the pious combustion of his body. Rabelais had no ambition for that mode of salvation, or to make such good sport for the tribe of monks and inquisitors.

Prospero.—You suppose, then, that his purpose was to ridicule the prevalent follies and superstitions of his time?

Sterne.—Undoubtedly; this is what he distinctly avows.—He had written serious works upon science and literature, in which his object was to advance human knowledge, and contribute to rational enjoyment. His contemporaries were too deeply steeped in ignorance and superstition, to read or regard them. He determined to take his revenge, by holding them up to ridicule so adroitly that they should laugh at their own follies and absurdities without knowing it. He succeeded,—priests, politicians, monks, read his book with avidity, were diverted with its nonsense as it appeared to them, and as with their degree of comprehension of its contents it would have appeared to all. He reversed, in this work, the trick he practised upon the government, when being in absolute want of bread, he obtained a temporary support by feigning to have prepared poison for the king, Dauphin and royal family of France, which led to his arrest and maintenance by the officers of justice. In this work, he prepared a real poison for the ridiculous fooleries, superstitions and absurdities, maintained and practised in his time; but the poison was so dis-

guised by palatable ingredients, as to be imperceptible to the dull senses of his contemporaries who imbibed it.

Prospero.—This might have been very diverting and productive to him, as his work sold, and his reputation was established, but it deprived his work of all moral effect, or salutary influence upon manners and sentiments. Like Gulliver's Travels, it was read and excited merriment, but amended and reformed nothing. The Don Quixote, therefore, is greatly to be preferred to it, and Tristram Shandy will afford good lessons to all posterity; but although, in general, your meaning is sufficiently evident, when you attack pernicious opinions, the arts of hypocrisy, the pedantry and affectation of learning in the schools, and contemptible prejudices and follies, yet you sometimes also hide yourself in mystery, where you use your significant asterisks, dotted lines, blank, dark, red and blotted pages, which appear as blemishes in volumes so full of genuine wit and pleasantry. I never could conceive why such expedients should be adopted by the author who wrote the history of Uncle Toby and corporal Trim, the story of Le Fevre, the sketch of Yorick's life, the pungent rebuke of ignorant critics, the tale of Maria, of the enormous Nose which appeared at Strasburg, and all those inimitable sketches of nature, which would embalm for immortality any production of human genius.

Sterne.—You would dive too deeply into the mysteries of our art, and I must not be too liberal in my revelations. But the fact is, that some mystery awakes the curiosity of mankind, and a little buffoonery diverts them, while whatever the greatest sticklers for modesty may say in reference to smut and obscenity, we know that allusions of that kind, stimulate their appetite for the work. Even the most scrupulous lady will pour over such pages with greater avidity in private, although she might blush in public to acknowledge she had read them. If such indulgence be a fault, it is not mine but nature's.

Prospero.—I must think, however, that the perfection of wit, would consist in furnishing a pure and pungent repast to readers, and which would amuse the mind in the highest degree, without sullyng or corrupting it.

At that moment our attention was drawn to a gentleman who was passing forward to pay his respects to Mrs. Addison, whose figure was very commanding, and who appeared to be a Frenchman. Sterne observed, there goes the celebrated Duke of Rochefoucault, who enjoying no distinction here from his titles, holds as good a place from his acknowledged wit and learning, as well as accomplished manners.

Is that, said I, the author of the book of maxims?

Sterne.—The same.

Prospero.—One would not suppose, from his amiable expression of countenance, and courtly demeanor, that he would be such a misanthrope in his writings, and prove so unfavourable a painter of his own species.

Sterne.—He is but too faithful a painter, however, and preserves a strict likeness to the original.

Prospero.—I think your observation thus far just, that Rochefoucault has always detected a true principle in human nature, but there his faithfulness to the original terminates. He has totally distorted and disfigured that principle, and lost sight of its connection with other principles that modify, control and overpower it in their action. Because self-love or our personal advantage, always blends itself with all our nobler and more generous qualities, he represents that as the predominant motive to action, when it is only a subordinate motive, and perhaps most inconsiderable one. I compare him to a chymist, who in his discourse, when speaking of a very compound mixture, describes it only by mentioning a single one of its ingredients.

Sterne.—That view of Rochefoucault's maxims is new to me, and I do not remember to have seen it stated by any author. I am fond of such speculations, as they disclose the principles of our nature, and the workings of the human heart. Be so good as to explain your idea, by a recurrence to some of his maxims, if you can recollect any of them.

Prospero.—I can readily do so, as I am very familiar with his work. Take this example—"Under pretence of bewailing the loss of a person who was dear to us, we bewail ourselves, and weep over the diminution of our fortune, our pleasures, and our credit. Thus have the dead the honour of tears which stream only for the living." Is not this account of our emotions upon such occasions, as if the chymist should denominate as soda, that which was a mixture of soda, sulphur and magnesia? There can be no doubt, that where we have a great interest in the life of a friend, we should more deeply regret this loss, from the circumstance that we should be deprived of the advantages which his life and influence afforded us. But how small a portion of sorrow, in a virtuous mind, would flow from this source, if we were tenderly attached to the deceased? This system supposes us to be entirely without affections or sympathies, and that our feelings are excited and tears flow, only from cold calculations of interest. Again, "In the adversities of our friends, we always find something which does not displease us." If Rochefoucault supposed,

that this something which does not displease us in the adversities of friends, is a selfish consideration of advantage, or dishonourable to our nature, he discovered again, only a very small part of that complex emotion which arises in our minds upon the recurrence of such disasters. That ingredient which communicates pleasure in these cases, is our sympathy for suffering, and more especially the sufferings of friends, and instead of implying a debasement of our moral nature, is one of its highest honours. It is this sympathy with the wretched, which is the silken cord that draws us toward them, and in the breasts of all mankind, the great storehouse in nature from which the Creator furnishes supplies of relief and consolation to the miserable. Were it not for this conformation of our hearts and minds, we should fly from the unhappy, the sick, or dying, as we would from a plague or pestilence. It is not, therefore, an accurate interpretation of nature, to say that we experience pleasure in the *adversities* of friends, but our pleasure in these instances arises out of our sympathy with their sorrows. We are so constituted by the Creator, that we have a secret satisfaction in grief, even in our own. The same or a similar fallacy pervades all the maxims of Rochefoucault, which are dishonourable to us, and the suggestion I have given, will place in your hands a key to detect that fallacy.

Sterne.—I thank you for the present of such a solution; for you know that I am no misanthrope, and all my works tend to the culture of the greatest kindness and brotherly love among our race, and even tenderness for all animals. But you agree with me, I presume, that the “Maxims of Rochefoucault,” is an excellent work.

Prospero.—Admirable; it is one of the finest efforts of genius. He taught the French that wit and fine writing, do not consist in swelling thoughts and pompous phraseology, but in the depth of our conceptions, ingenious and striking views of things, adroit turns and movements of the mind, unexpected disclosures of the inward workings of nature, together with the choicest language in which to convey them with perspicuity. The work, though tintured, and deeply tintured with sophistry, is a fine production. He sets mankind to close and profound thinking for themselves, and this is one of the best effects which can be produced upon readers.

Continuing to speak, I said, do you ever meet here, Mr. Sterne, such ladies as you found in Paris, whom you so humorously describe in your *Sentimental Journey*? I have always considered as one of your finest chapters, that in which you describe the fashionable company of that city,

their fondness for flattery, and its influence more especially over the learned or literati of both sexes. Have the fashionable females in Saturnia as in Paris, three distinct epochs in their empire, that of coquettes, of infidels, and of devotees?

Sterne.—There is a great difference in the cases, but human nature will show its whimsies as well as its virtues and vices every where. The large body of really great and excellent women in this capital, give a tone to the public sentiments and manners, a chasteness and intelligence to their conversations, and a sobriety mingled with cheerfulness, in their whole air, dress and demeanor, that render any breaches of decorum and perfect propriety dangerous to the experimenter. Nevertheless, even here and scattered throughout Atlantis, we have our coquettes, our infidels and devotees among the ladies.—How shall a lady, some gentlemen too, show their superiority of understanding, their wit and pleasantry, as well as contempt for vulgar opinions, so easily and at so little cost of study and research, as by attacks against religion, or insinuations that they are freethinkers? While in early life, and during the sway of a lady's blooming beauties, it might interfere with her conquests to be suspected of unbelief; for, after all, our sex are not disposed to relish those appearances in women, which indicate that they have thrown down the strongest safeguards of their virtue and female modesty. But when they are married, they can safely indulge in bolder declarations, and adopt a creed which allows them greater license. In old age, when adorers have departed, and license itself becomes joyless, nature and good sense resume their rights, and their minds find all the relief of which they are susceptible in those succours of religion to which they ought always to have had recourse. But while we are speaking, behold here are two among the order of coquettes and infidels. That gentleman you see is the celebrated John James Rousseau, and the lady whom he is leading about the room, is the no less notorious Miss Woolstoncraft. There is a sort of equivoval alliance between them. They live together, and appear in company as man and wife, although nobody knows the true relation subsisting between them, and it is said that their domestic state is no halcyon sea. If you will look towards that group of company in the corner, too, you may recognize the more justly celebrated Voltaire, who seems to be highly diverting a party of French who are collected around him.

Prospero.—The face of Voltaire, is not to be mistaken by any persons who have seen his numerous likenesses which have been executed by painters and statuaries. I conceive a great difference between him and Rousseau. If he has fre-

quently raised my utmost indignation and disgust by his shameless attacks upon christianity and the Bible, he has always been faithful to the being of a God, and generally to the interests of morality. This credit does not belong to Rousseau. He is consistent in nothing but his own madness.

Sterne.—There is one consideration, however, which has greatly consoled me, for all the evils which I have seen produced, and with deep regret, by these enemies of our religion. I believe that as storms and tempests are said to produce wholesome changes in the atmosphere, baleful as may be their immediate devastations, so the whole fraternity of infidels, have been rendered subservient to the purification and improvement of the christian church. Their attacks upon it, have led it to the preparation of more ample defences and fortifications. They have aided in the task of a more thorough reformation of its errors in doctrine, and superstitions in practice. No such follies as were formerly perpetrated, would now be endured; and no one can deny to Voltaire, at least, one peculiar merit above all those who were his coadjutors, that of having largely contributed to depress and rebuke the evil spirit of intolerance and persecution. He is the man among them, whom I could most desire to have been a christian.

Prospero.—In this opinion I entirely agree with you; for his conduct in reference to the family of Calos, that of Sirven, and many other objects of detestable persecution, I cannot but honour him. Were an expurgated edition of his works, containing about one half published, it might contribute to the progress of taste and sound literature, repress bigotry and intolerance of opinion, and be serviceable, or certainly not injurious to religion. It is worth the labour of every learned man, to become familiar with his wit, as it is of a peculiar stamp, and very delightful. I do not remember to have seen any thing said to Rousseau so aptly, and at the same time so keenly sarcastic, as that which was contained in a letter of Voltaire, in which he thanked him for a copy with which he honoured him, of his work upon the comparative advantages of civilized and savage life, in which he, with his usual fondness for paradox, gives the preference to the latter. Voltaire tells him in courtly style, indeed, and with more commendations of his writings than they deserved, that while perusing his work, he found his reasoning so derogatory to the honour of the human race, that “he felt a propensity to go upon all fours.”

Sterne.—It was truly a merited rebuke of such folly, and a cutting sarcasm.

Prospero.—By the bye, you profess here to distribute rewards and punishments to the good and bad, what have been the penalties you have inflicted upon Voltaire and Rousseau, as well as the host of Infidels, for their attacks upon the Bible and christianity? Certainly men who do this, are the enemies of the human race, and ought to be brought to condign punishment in this world of retributive justice.

Sterne.—True, we reward and punish as far as our understandings and moral sense enable us to proceed with safety. We do not claim infallibility, however, and we have no Pope to settle points of casuistry, or of right and wrong. We leave a final adjustment of these matters to the great Assize.

Prospero.—But, surely, you have not allowed such offenders to escape with entire impunity?

Sterne.—Not so neither; our judges Minos and Rhadamanthus, I am told, considered the cases of Voltaire and Rousseau, as considerably mitigated in guilt, by the political and religious good they had accomplished in promoting the progress of civil liberty, and in the purification of christianity from its odious bigotry and superstition. Many French families appeared in behalf of Voltaire, and by the affecting stories they told of the relief he afforded them, and the tears which they shed in his behalf, inclined the judges to lean upon the side of mercy. There were not wanting advocates, too, for Rousseau, who plead the merits of his Social Contract, and the principles of civil liberty which he contributed to diffuse.

Prospero.—But I hope the judges did not allow them to get off Scottsfree?

Sterne.—Oh, no; they were condemned for ten years, not to a bastile or penitentiary, but to attend the lectures and sermons of Dr. Clarke and Bishop Warburton, among the English divines, and Bossuet and Fenelon among the French. And as you know, I have no slight turn for waggery and amusement, I had a curiosity to see the conduct of these two French infidels during the execution of the sentence, and the delivery of the lectures. I accordingly sometimes attended in the halls and churches at which they were to be held. I was diverted with the sly look of incredulity which was depicted in the countenance of Voltaire, and the more gloomy and indignant aspect of Rousseau. They seemed greatly to wince and be impatient under the bold and unqualified invectives of Warburton and Bossuet, but the conclusive reasonings and clear illustrations of Clarke, and the tender and persuasive accents of Fenelon, seemed to check their resentment, soften their hostility, and gain a more patient and attentive ear.

Prospero.—And what is understood to be the effect which this discipline has produced upon them? Have they been convinced and reclaimed by these great men?

Sterne.—It is said not. They still adhere to their former hostility to christianity in the abstract, but declare, that they are satisfied that the people should acquiesce in it, under that mild and tolerant shape in which it subsists in this republic. They declare that they will disturb the faith of nobody, since nobody interferes with them. All the unbelievers in this realm, therefore, French, English, German, Scotch and Italian, have purchased a large tract of land, and founded a colony for themselves, which they denominate Eldorado, within which they have made an experiment of the practical efficacy of their principles. The king of Prussia, Voltaire, Hume, and others, have been successively at its head.

Prospero.—Admirable experiment! And what have been the fortunes of the establishment?

Sterne.—I have learned, that in the beginning, they found great difficulty in concurring upon the model which should be adopted in regard to government, their laws, and more especially divine worship. Hume, Helvetius, d'Holbach, and others, were warmly opposed to all religious establishments whatever, maintaining that as there was no God, it was absurd to spend their time in making mouths at nature, and indulging idle ceremonies. On the other hand, Frederick, Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, and their coadjutors, insisted upon the being of a God, and that all due reverence and homage should be paid to him. This last opinion prevailed, and the establishment seemed to advance towards prosperity, but it soon received a check that has become fatal to it. They have discovered that they want a sanction for their laws, their refined speculations about the intrinsic excellence and eternal fitness of virtue, produce no salutary effects upon the community, and the loose opinions about morality inculcated by many of their own fraternity, have extended among their women, and dissolved the very bonds of their society. No man among them is certain that his children are his own, property is insecure, adulteries, murders, and suicides common, and licentiousness universal. Some commissioners from their town, are now in Saturnia, making application to our Congress for powers either to dissolve their association, or to effect a complete reformation, and fall into a coalescence with the other portions of Atlantis.

Prospero.—Ha, ha, ha—this is excellent. Then this fraternity have practically refuted their own doctrines, and infidelity gone out in smoke.

But lest my story should become as long and tedious as the sermon of an old divine, the Tale of my Grandmother, a speech in Congress, or an electioneering harangue, I must reserve to another chapter the conclusion of my account of this conversation party.

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. Addison's Party.

So, continued I, renewing the conversation which passed between Sterne and myself, so this infidel settlement, has proved to be a house built upon sand, and has fallen, from the rottenness of its own materials?

Sterne.—Yes; it is said that the leaders found their own wives were unfaithful, their children refractory, and the people ungovernable. Voltaire, forgetting his Eldorado of the other world, erected a church at his villa, called Ferney, after the name of his former abode, drew up a volume of the finest morals of Confucius, and of all the greatest sages, not forgetting those of Solomon and of Christ, read them to assembled congregations on Sundays, and instituted a form of Deistical worship. But his discourses had no influence upon the multitude, and he had better have attempted to move them by the harp of Orpheus. The people could not discern the force of his moral distinctions, and if they did sometimes comprehend his lessons, saw no reasons why they should yield obedience to his arbitrary injunctions. The most violent feuds soon arose among them, idleness, extravagance, intemperance and debauchery became the habits of the place, and the beautiful Eldorado was changed to a Pandemonium. Thus perish all systems which have not their foundations in the nature of man.

Prospero.—Who are that lady and gentleman that with so gay an air are conversing with a squad of mingled Englishmen, Americans and Frenchmen, who seem to be diverted with their wit?

Sterne.—Those are Scarron, the first husband of Madam Maintenon, and the lady herself. As Lewis XIV. has lost his royal dignity and all peculiar distinction above ordinary men, her ladyship has returned to her first alliance, and preferred the wit to the king. Indeed, it is said, when she meets Lewis, her conduct is not unlike that of Dido, upon recognizing Æneas amidst the shades below. She does not hesitate to show her contempt and indignation for the unjust suspicion to which he exposed her reputation, by refusing to make known the marriage which they had privately contracted.

Prospero.—Why, Scarron has been relieved from all those bodily deformities with which he made merriment in his writings, and is quite a tolerable figure. His body no longer presents the figure Zed, as he himself declares it did in his lifetime.

At this moment Sterne caught me by the arm, exclaiming, I will now show you two of the greatest poets and wits that ever lived, and then introduced me to Shakspeare, and Butler, the author of Hudibras. To the latter, who was next me, while Shakspeare was in conversation with Sterne, I remarked, this is a most unexpected honor. While I have had infinite satisfaction from your Hudibras, which I think more pregnant with genuine wit than any work that was ever written either in ancient or modern times, I have wished to obtain an answer to a single question. The critics and the learned have endeavoured to discover for your Hudibras an archetype in real life. Some have supposed that you had reference to Sir Samuel Luke, the gentleman who was your friend, although of opposite politics.

Butler.—Whenever an allegorical piece of that kind is printed, the public seem as spontaneously to look for originals to the personages introduced, as they refer to the natural world to find images with which to convey abstract ideas and moral sentiments. Perhaps, too, the malignity of human nature, may receive some satisfaction from an application of such odious features to living characters. But surely the great and learned ought not to be subject to any mistakes of this kind, or misapprehensions of the purport and structure of the work. It is evident that by the character of Hudibras, I intended to embody and strikingly represent, an odious and disgusting compound of jacobinism, hypocrisy, ignorance and absurdity of the times of Cromwell. All the other characters who co-operated with him in the work of mischief, were mere modifications of this principal figure, as such men would be diversified in real life. That, in composing the poem my mind would glance upon real characters, who had resembling traits to my mock hero's, was unavoidable. Thus the mind will do when we are speculating with our highest abstractions about the virtues and vices.

Turning, then, to Shakspeare, I said, in regard to your productions, there has been a greater variety of opinions, and more abundant commentaries, than in reference to any works ever written, the sacred volume alone excepted.

Shakspeare.—Yes, indeed, they have bestowed more toil upon my lucubrations than I ever did myself; and some of the interpreters have communicated more meaning to them,

than my brain ever conceived. I have frequently read the learned commentaries and disquisitions about them with no slight amusement, although I allow, they are sometimes ingenious and profound. I myself cannot convince Johnson and Warburton that they were not always right. They know more than I do about my own performances.

Sterne.—I wish I could say as much in reference to my own works. But most of my readers, let all my learning pass through their minds like water through sieves, and retaining only the dregs of the pleasantries, which if not defecated by science and taste is filthy enough.

Butler.—I have precisely the same complaint to make of the community of readers. And I have seen Swift almost in a rage when speaking of the inefficiency of his *Martinus Scriblerus*, which in my estimation is one of the richest pieces of irony and burlesque that was ever composed, replete with wit, just criticism and most admirable lessons of rhetorick. The Dean declares, that although he, Pope, and Arbuthnot, have exerted their utmost efforts to expose the affectation and pedantry of the schools, the whimsies of false science, the absurdities of corrupt taste and all the counterfeit beauties or real deformities of style and thought, the same faults are incessantly repeated, the same round of follies compassed, and the same specimens of writing circulated and approved. As examples of this stamp, he says, are not geologists, phrenologists, or the geographical surveyors of heads, animal magnetists, and magnetical somnambulists, indulging all the contemptible whims and practising the disgraceful arts of Martinus and Cornelius? And what are the works, and the numerous volumes, too, of Mrs. Sherwood, Boz, and many other authors, but so many modes of cookery to prepare Martins' ginger-bread for the public, or the workings of machinery to fabricate rare-shows, puppet-shows, and geographical suits of clothes, with which to teach grown children the lessons of science.

Prospero.—I think there never was a time in the annals of literature, in which the study of the *Martinus Scriblerus* was more needed than at present, in England, France, and America. But to return to the topic we had just broached. I should like to know of Shakspeare himself, what he would say of some controversies which have been held relative to his performances. Addison and Johnson are at variance in regard to the termination of your Lear, the one approving the death of Cordelia, and the other considering it as a blemish in the play. Johnson maintains that it is too shocking to the feelings, and discordant to the course of a just

Providence, and the other, that by leaving the impression upon the mind of a virtuous sorrow for the good queen under her melancholy fate, it is favourable to morality and piety.

Shakspeare.—Some severe stroke of that kind was necessary to bring Lear to an end that was worthy of him, as king and hero of the play. In the course of nature, and in his state of mind at that time, he would not have died, but have lingered out a wretched existence for some months, had not that event by a violent and sudden blow severed the cord of life. My effort always was to follow nature and not to force her.

Prospero.—But Dr. Johnson complains, that this sacrifice was not even required by the real history.

Shakspeare.—With that as a dramatist, I had little to do, when it did not serve my purpose. The important task to be executed in that case, was to bring about a catastrophe suited to the strain of feelings excited by the previous acts. To have left Cordelia of course here alive, at last, would have been an important conclusion. I must, also, agree with Addison and Aristotle, that it is oftentimes the most happy exercise of the heart and mind, to indulge the deepest sympathy for suffering innocence. It purifies them from evil passions, and brings us all to submission under the discipline of a mysterious Providence.

Prospero.—You have lately had some ladies as your exponents. One of these maintains that you did not intend to represent lady Macbeth as so much a monster of depravity as commentators have supposed, but that your design was to mitigate her guilt, and soften the direful malignity and cruelty of her nature by love for her husband. By this attachment to her husband, she is supposed to have been actuated in the plan she projected, and the atrocities she practised, and propelled Macbeth to perpetrate, in pursuit of the crown.

Shakspeare.—We must not quarrel with the ladies, but my intent in that drama, as is evident from its whole strain of thought and feeling, is to represent Lady Macbeth as a female fury, whose mind is completely gangrened by ambition, and who is ready to wade through any enormities to obtain the sovereignty. She is much worse than Macbeth; the only link that binds her to her race, and saves her character from utter monstrosity, is shown in that expression put into her mouth, when she declares that she could have committed the murder of Duncan herself, had he not resembled her father as he slept.

Prospero.—Another lady interpreter asserts, that you intended to exhibit Hamlet, as not under the influence of a

feigned, but real madness, amidst the antic tricks that he plays, and the various and discordant passions by which he is agitated.

Shakspeare.—Such an idea would mar the whole plan, and soil the conduct of the piece. I should think that the language of Hamlet on various occasions, sufficiently discloses his plan to counterfeit insanity with a view more severely to punish the murder of his father.

Prospero.—Did you not conceive of Hamlet and Ophelia as deeply attached to each other?

Shakspeare.—Undoubtedly; this appears in all their language and deportment.

Prospero.—Some critics have complained of the inconsistencies of Hamlet's character. Sometimes he is determined to destroy his uncle, and breathes the most exterminating fury, but as soon as a fair opportunity is presented of executing his purpose, he fails in his resolution, fabricates excuses for delay, and at last takes his just revenge only when mortally wounded.

Shakspeare.—All these variations of feeling, and vacillations of purpose, were the natural result of Hamlet's character, situation and excitement at the time. He is supposed to be a youth of the most proud, sensitive and daring character, but of fine moral feelings, and under the influence of religious principles and scruples. He had strong suspicions from the outset, that foul play had been practised upon his father, but had nothing like proof of the murder until the appearance of his father's ghost, and that was very delusive; and although tremendously exciting to his mind, yet would furnish to the world but a poor excuse for the slaughter of an uncle. The subsequent scene at the play, acted before the king and queen, was very convincing to him and Horatio, and furnished sufficient ground upon which to express his suspicion and deep conviction to his mother, but not yet for acting upon it as an undoubted fact. After the acknowledgment of it by his mother, and her evident remorse, he could proceed upon certain ground, and therefore no longer hesitates to seize the first opportunity to slay his uncle, which he thought was accomplished when he killed Polonius behind the arras. Besides that, Hamlet had no sufficient proof of his uncle's guilt until the agitating interview with his mother, let it be recollected that he had been educated in the deepest reverence for this uncle, that this uncle was now his king, and the husband of a mother he had tenderly loved, and I think the philosopher will allow him any eccentricities and inconsistencies of deportment amidst such conflicting passions, while fixing his

purpose to slay him. Those who are conversant with human nature, know that so ardent and impetuous a mind as Hamlet's when seized with such strong but opposing passions, is raised from its position, bereft of all poise and self-command, and tossed in different directions like a balloon inflated and set afloat in the atmosphere, and subject to impulse from every gust of wind. It is thus that I have been led to think natural, all the antics and caprices, the vacillations and whirling movements of Hamlet.

Sterne.—That is certainly a satisfactory solution of all the extravagancies of Hamlet. But those ladies appear to be in excellent spirits from their lively looks, and earnest conversation with each other; let us join their party, and endeavour to partake of their hilarity and enjoyment. Forthwith we passed to that part of the room which we had left, and in which were still standing Madam Dacier, De Stael, Chatelet, Mrs. Newton, Lady Mary W. Montague, and Miss Burney, conversing with Voltaire, La Motte, Perault, and Boileau. As we approached, I heard Madam Dacier say, Ah Mr. Voltaire, I must acknowledge that in the lower world, I had a great preference of the ancient writers over the modern, and contended manfully in their behalf, but since I arrived in these regions, and perused them all without prejudice, I am of opinion that there are no distinctions to be drawn between fine writers in all ages. My mind was excited in favour of the ancients by the constant perusal of them, and their laborious acquisition in dead languages, besides the novel emotions of pleasure they gave me by their numerous beauties and excellencies. More mature reflection has convinced me, that they have similar and equal, but not preferable pretensions to the moderns.

Voltaire.—My dear madam, you must not become a deserter from our ranks, or we shall lose our ablest champion. The translator of Homer, and the writer of those admirable commentaries upon his text, cannot surely allow that any poem in the world is to be compared to the Iliad.

Madam Dacier.—I allow that the Iliad is inimitable, and so is the Æneid, but so also is the Paradise Lost. The Jerusalem delivered of Tasso, is equal to the Pharsalia of Lucan; the Henriad, and the Lusiad are beautiful poems, but I cannot withhold the opinion, that nothing can be more noble and sublime than the Paradise Lost. It is a superb performance.

Voltaire.—I see, madam, we shall have to try you for a literary heresy. But if you think the moderns have rivalled the ancient nations in epic poetry, what do you say of their efforts in the drama, in history, oratory and philosophy?

Madam Dacier.—Their excellence in epic poetry and oratory, are the strongest points held by the ancients in comparison with the moderns. In philosophy all allow an immense superiority to the moderns; in popular eloquence, from the peculiar habits and circumstances of the Greeks and Romans, and more especially their forms of government, they may be allowed to have surpassed all others, because that and military talents were the only instruments by which mankind obtained influence and elevated themselves to greatness and distinction. But in that kind of eloquence which consists in unfolding the great principles of political wisdom and establishing the maxims of jurisprudence, as well as in the persuasions of the pulpit—in that which enlightens the minds of men in the maxims of justice, truth, morals and humanity, and operates the conviction of intelligent and able assemblies, and propels them to judicious and wholesome action, the moderns have greatly the advantage. Where shall we find works upon political science and jurisprudence, to be compared to those of Montesquieu, Bolingbroke, Burke, and the writers of the Federalist in America? Upon political economy they knew little, and it is now becoming a cultivated field of science. Come ladies, you must lend me aid, as I shall be out of breath if I begin to declaim.

Miss Burney.—I entirely agree with you in opinion. Where shall we find among ancient dramatic writers, any thing to be compared to Shakspeare? Beautiful as are the simple tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides, what are they to the stupendous monuments of genius of this extraordinary man, omitting all others who would justly rival these inimitable ancients? In history, we need not be ashamed to place Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, or the author of the Age of Lewis XIV. by the side of Thucydides and Xenophon, of Livy and Tacitus. The ancients have no works of wit that bear any similitude to those of Butler, Swift, Addison, Steel, Pope, Sterne, Boileau, Voltaire, Moliere, and all those other authors of like pretensions with which England and France have abounded. Now, gentlemen, as you have listened to the prattle of the ladies, let us hear what you grave and learned seniors have to say in this controversy.

La Motte.—Mr. Pirault and I are delighted to hear our opinions so ably advocated. Our modern veneration for antiquity, although just to a certain extent, has been carried to a ridiculous extreme by the prejudices of the learned, and the pedantry of the schools. The ancient writers cannot have too much honour bestowed upon them, as they led the way in science, literature and the arts; but that honour should not be

permitted to throw into eclipse the glory of their successors. Because Horace is revered as an admirable poet, this need not diminish the merits of Pope and Boileau, who are the Horaces of their respective countries. And in regard to eloquence among the Greeks and Romans, or that of Demosthenes and Cicero, their finest models, their fame was greatly augmented by the circumstance, that their orations were addressed to those popular assemblies, upon whose immediate action the fate of individuals and empires entirely depended. The same orations delivered from the rostra of Athens and Rome, and in the parliament of England, and congress of America, would produce very different results, and obtain for their deliverers very different degrees of fame. When upon the lips of Pericles and Demosthenes hung the fate of Greece, every word they uttered would have a thousand times more effect, than in a cool, deliberative council. In Saturnia, we all feel the immense power of Demosthenes and Cicero, in the congress of Atlantis, but we find modern orators who always equal them, and in some instances, I think, decidedly surpass them. There is no man in our congress that can claim a superiority to the former Earl of Chatham and the American Hamilton.

Prospero.—Now, that we have discussed this point, allow me, gentlemen and ladies, to propose for the decision of this learned company, a controversy in reference to the great Roman epic, which we all admire. Dr. Johnson, in one of the numbers of his Rambler, maintains that Virgil in representing Dido as meeting Eneas in the shades below, in perfect silence, without deigning to address him, has violated nature in order to imitate Homer, who describes the same scene as passing between Ajax and Ulysses. He says, that although this indignant silence was perfectly in character to Ajax, who was a man, and a sullen one, yet a woman on such occasions, would have broken forth into loud complaints and exclamations of wrath. Is this a just criticism of Virgil?

Voltaire.—Her ladyship had been too much comforted by meeting Sicheus, her former husband, in Elyseum, to be greatly concerned at the approach of Æneas, her late jilt. If she had boxed his ears for him, it would have been no more than he deserved.

Prospero.—But what say you, madam Dacier, in the solution of this problem? As you are familiar with the great epics of Homer and Virgil, we should wish to have your decision.

Madam Dacier.—The decision of this controversy, as it depends upon the operation of the great principles of human

nature, should be referred to Shakspeare. He has touched every spring in the human heart, and can best unfold its most hidden workings.

Shakspeare.—If I must obey the mandate of the ladies, and give an opinion, I should say, that both Homer and Virgil are right. There are many strong passions, which in their conflict stop the utterance of men. Ajax was ambitious and haughty, and when he met Ulysses in hell, who had gained a victory over him in their contest for the arms of Achilles, he was too indignant to notice him. Dido had more serious cause of resentment, arising out of disappointed love, mingled with a sense of shame, that a queen could allow herself to be so deceived and ill treated. Could a woman of her high dignity, condescend to speak to a man who, as she conceived, had acted so base a part? Surely not. But to have broken forth into loud reproaches and railings against her deceiver, would have been a degradation of her character, and an exposure of her own shame. This would have been more like a fishwoman than a queen. Her dignity was best maintained by silence, and if we presume her a woman of understanding, she must have perceived this.

At this moment the crowd began to gather around us, and the conversation turned upon more trivial matters; we all indulged ourselves in the excellent wines and other refreshments offered to the guests, and then took the usual leave for the evening. As Sterne and I had been naturally pleased with each other, he promised to call and see me in the morning, carry me to his house, and accompany me through the city in search of every thing that was worthy to be seen,

THE CAVE OF CHRYSTALS.

A LEGEND OF TONGATABOO.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

PART II.

The chief who holds superior sway
O'er Tonga's isle, whom all obey,
Rules with an iron rod the land
And turns the sceptre of command
Which should be held for common good,
Into a sword of fire and blood—
And long each tributary chief,
Long the crushed people sought relief
By abject prayer, remonstrance stern—
Rich present, secret bribe in vain—
Till—well the oppressed that lesson learn—
They felt that death were briefer pain
Than lingering suffering hour by hour
Beneath the goading lash of power—
And first from lip to lip were heard
Low muttered curse and threatening word,
And soon by stealth in finest glade
They met dark counsels to debate,
And schemes were urged, and plans were laid
To sweep the burthen from the state,
Nor were there wanting to the band
The stern of heart—the prompt of hand
To rend the galling chain away,
Which grew more heavy day by day—
And foremost to the dark design
The proud Mahiti lends his aid,
Wrongs—insults, injuries—all combine
To steep in hatred heart and head,
Therefore was he, by general voice,
Named as the leader of their choice,
He formed the plan—he named the day
To each their several posts assigned,
Told where to spare and where to slay,
Alike to fear or failure blind.

One night it chanced that long detained
Eimato late the forest gained,
Where met the chiefs,—for he no less
Than others felt how power may press—
Lit by the young morn's trembling sky
Through the broad palm-leaves gently flitting
Swiftly he trod the shady way

To where the stern divan was sitting,
He paused—a sound had reached his ear,
Which filled his soul with sudden fear,
“He knows it all!”

“Hast thou betrayed
As we agreed, the ambitious chief?”
“I have; and vengeance on his head
Will keenly fall in season brief;
Before this night’s few hours have flown
His name and race shall be unknown,
Ere morning’s light on earth shall fall
In death shall every eye be dim,
The sword shall drink the blood of all
That bear relationship to him.”

He heard no more—nor paused to hear,
His plan was fixed—his way was clear,
The secret plot had been revealed,
Mahiti’s doom of blood was sealed,
And she the noble and the fair
Unconscious of her father’s crime,
His own loved Amilu must share
The horrors of that fearful time.
With speed of hunted antelope
He bounded down the rocky slope,
O’erthrew the guard who sought to know
The intruder, whether friend or foe
Burst through the wall of prostrate trees
And breathless at Mahiti’s knees
Claimed leave to speak—on Eimatoo
Reproachful glance the chieftain threw—
And “Wherfore thus, and why so late
Com’st thou,” he said, “to me debate?”
Late from detention—*thus* from fear
Mahiti, on thy private ear
Must fall the rest”—he drew the chief
Aside, with rapid speech and brief
He told him each ill-omened word,
Which he by wondrous chance had heard,
And counselled flight before the night
To morning’s near approaching light
Should speed its way, another hour,
And in some isle than this more blessed,
Wait till the heavy hand of power
Should be forever laid to rest.

“Tis false!” the angry chieftain cried,
“Thy timid ear hath been belied
By bubbling music of the springs
Or fitful wind’s low murmurings.”
“Then be the blood that shall be shed,”
The youth replied, “on thine own head—
Yet no! for sake of one who’d share

Thy death, yet doth not share thy crime,
 Thy words of wrong I e'en will bear,
 And show thee, if thou wait brief time,
 How far from heart or tongue of mine
 Have fear and falsehood made their shrine."

Then calling Omal from the band,
 The brave of heart and strong of hand,
 They left the chief—and ere through the wood,
 Sped like the hare by hounds pursued;
 But ere Mahiti from his heart
 Could pluck suspicion's poisoned dart
 Or e'en the flush which anger lent
 Its glow upon his cheek had spent,
 Before his wondring sight they stood
 Bearing a prisoner bathed in blood.
 By the pale light the moon supplied
 Mahiti with intense amaze
 Full on the prisoner bent his gaze.
 Awhile uncertain if his sight
 Its tale of wonder told aright,
 "And is it thou?" at length he cried,
 "Jehimna? From thy distant isle
 Cam'st thou to give thine aid to us,
 Or wherefore do I see thee thus?"
 O'er his pale face a bitter smile
 Passed as the dying man replied,
 I came to Tonga yestermorn,
 Once more to meet my promised bride—
 But not to bear her haughty scorn.
 The maidens of the isle I knew
 Would meet the priests at Vavaoo,
 In long procession to adorn
 The idol of that festal morn.
 Beside the temple's sacred gate
 I paused their coming to await,
 And Amilu, my promised bride,
 I saw, and sought the maiden's side,
 But from my touch she sprung away
 With loathing glance and sought the gate—
 But, chieftain, dearly shall she pay
 For changing fondness into hate—
 Thy dark conspiracy I learned,
 And starting to the palace turned
 My eager steps—and thou art known
 As chief opposer to the throne—
 And Amilu the proud shall see
 No morning dawn for her or thee—
 I die contented, for by pain
 And blood shall all my wrongs be paid
 Nor shall a favored rival gain
 The hand for which I vainly prayed."

Scarce had he ceased when o'er his eyes
 The films of death begun to spread
 And mid the silence of surprise
 Jehimna's troubled spirit fled.

That silence first Eimatoo broke,
 And then the troubled chief bespoke—
 “Why dost thou wait?” E'en now, perchance,
 The tyrant's bloodhounds scent thy track.
 Fly ere thy blood shall dim their lance
 Or torturing pangs thy sinews rack.”

By disappointment urged to ire,
 And maddened by his dark despair,
 Mahiti turned his glance of fire
 On Eimatoo,—and “dost thou dare
 To counsel flight to *me?*” he said,
 Because yon madman hath betrayed
 Our just designs a day too soon?
 No; let them bring their bloodhounds on,
 And see the crescent of yon moon—
 Smiles, nay—Kekai's band is gone
 To guard our stores—and brave Azu
 With all his force is absent, too.
 It may not be—and *must* I fly—
 And leave my daughter here to die?
 Night wanes, and ere the rising sun
 The work of death will be begun!
 My child! my child!—it cannot be!
 Thy sire will stay and die with thee!”
 “Yet both may live, if thou confide
 “This daughter's safety to my care.”
 Eimatoo said, “And here I swear
 That on her graceful head no hair
 Shall injury know, if o'er the tide
 To green Fiji thou wilt depart
 And wait our coming.”

To his heart
 The father clasped the noble youth:
 He would not—could not doubt his truth.
 No word he spoke—he could not speak—
 But the warm tear upon his cheek
 More eloquent than words betrayed,
 All that he felt and would have said.
 But when that brief embrace was o'er,
 With rapid step he sought the shore;
 And sooh beyond the tyrant's reach
 Behind him far he leaves the beach;
 And swiftly on the swelling sea
 He holds his course for green Fiji.

THE GAMESTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. DE LISLE.

Who has not seen, or at least heard of Heidelberg, with the most magnificent castle on earth, though that castle is a ruin; with the most renowned university, though its renown rests on schnapps and swordmanship; and the most self-satisfied society, though that society consists of grim professors, riotous students, and gallant chevaliers d'industrie?

One evening two young students were seen climbing the slope to the castle, and stopping from time to time to admire the prospect. They were evidently of different countries; one with the noble features, the bold forehead, and manly step, that distinguish the higher ranks of Englishmen from the population of every other country of the globe; the other with the strong sallow visage, and the squat figure, that mark nine-tenths of the blood of the Teuton.

"How magnificently the country opens from this spot!" was the Englishman's exclamation. "The Neckar, the Rhine, plains surging with corn, mountains like giants guarding them—a thousand spires—"

"With ten thousand beggars," interrupted his friend, "or ten millions in the midst of them all; who if they can grind the stones into bread, may live; but my Lord, you are always in raptures. All to you is *couleur de rose*."

"And why not?" said the Englishman, "I only take things as I find them. All here is *couleur de rose*. What do we know of the troubles of life beyond attending Von Sternheim's lectures, clever as they are, dancing with the rather heavy frows of the university, and walking up and down the dullest city under the moon?"

"All this is excellent," muttered the German with a flushed cheek and sullen expression which might have betrayed him to a more practised physiognomist, "all this is excellent from Lord Carlton, heir to an overgrown English estate, and a title that makes its way into all society. But what am I to think of a state of things, which has sent me into the world to struggle for myself, to play the game of chance from the beginning to the end of my life; and see men not before me by nature, neither more able nor more honest, neither bolder nor better, leaving me in the back ground?" The German groaned.

"But what is to be done," said Lord Carlton, "would you control fate?"

"This is to be done," was the reply; "if force will not succeed, skill must. If I cannot break down the barriers of birth and blood, I must climb over them; if I cannot climb over, I must creep under. The passions, follies, and frivolities of mankind are the tools with which the powerful mind works in court and cottage, in cabinets and ball-rooms. Come what will, I am determined to be rich, powerful, and known. Rudolph Von Hermann may have been born a beggar, but he will not die one."

Lord Carlton laughed. "And when do you begin to astonish the world?"

"To-night," was the sullen answer.

"You, with a half dozen rix-dollars?"

"Within this half hour I have an engagement at the Redoute. The man who wins at *Rouge et Noir*, said Napoleon, could work a miracle. I shall work that miracle."

"Well, go on and prosper," said the Englishman. "But I am sorry I cannot be present at the performance. Von Sternheim has especially cautioned me against the Redoute."

Rudolph laughed contemptuously. "Well done, Sternheim. He is an incomparable tutor, and has an exemplary pupil. Why, you will be quoted as an example to the age, and we shall have old Rudersheim, dull as he is, and deaf as his hearers would wish to be, canonizing you as a model of prudence in his next sermon."

The sun sank in a pavillion of crimson clouds, "pillowing his chin," not upon the western wave, but upon a cushion of a hundred leagues of purple hill, golden forest, and atheist-coloured plain. The dialogue continued in all strains of gravity, ridicule, reasoning, and badinage, in which Rudolph flattered himself he had manifestly the advantage, and had made no inconsiderable progress towards the point which he had in view. Notwithstanding the difference in their ranks, as fellow students, an intimacy had gradually sprung up between the two young men, which Von Hermann had determined should not end with their college life. He had long marked the generous and opulent Englishman for his prey. Lord Carlton was liberal to a fault, and was so ready to assist, with his ample means, the necessities of his friend, that Rudolph was too subtle to suffer an acquaintance to drop, which had already been so useful to him. He was a young man, not without talent; his manners were plausible, and Lord Carlton was too frank and warm-hearted not to be easily deceived; yet Rudolph had not hitherto succeeded in

alluring him into that course of dissipation which was necessary to his purpose. The Englishman was young and sanguine. To the generous and glowing bosom of youth, there is no feeling so painful as that of suspicion, and though he had not yet fallen into the snare spread for him by his more worldly associate, neither had he learned to suspect. He had yet to be taught wisdom by the bitter lessons of experience, and the experience came full and soon.

The course of their education being complete, Lord Carlton accepted the invitation of his friend to accompany him on a tour of pleasure to Vienna, that he might have an opportunity of seeing a little more of foreign manners before his return to England. Rudolph Von Hermann, himself a native of Vienna, was calculated to act as an excellent ciceroni, in the places of public amusement with which that city abounds, and the young viscount was soon initiated into all the pleasures of the capital. For awhile those pleasures were harmless enough. It was not the purpose of the wily Rudolph to hurry his victim too rapidly onwards in the career of folly. He knew his rectitude of disposition, and that it was only step by step that he could be led into error. But the homely proverb that "idleness is the root of all evil," was to be exemplified in the case of the young English nobleman. Even what appear harmless amusements become no longer so, when indulged to the exclusion of nobler pursuits. Life was not given for the mere purpose of expending it in the chase of pleasure. Our continental neighbours appear to think otherwise, and a long residence among those frivolous and vapid coteries of which foreign society is so largely composed, frequently proves fatal to the natural, studious, grave and more manly occupations of our own countrymen. That, with unlimited resources, time unoccupied, youth, health, all the enjoyments of life within his grasp, the young viscount should be dazzled, allured and misled by the glittering scene can scarcely excite surprise. But even here the facility with which his rank and wealth procured him every gratification, caused even those gratifications to pall. He began to languish for some new excitement, something to interest his feelings as well as his fancy, something that bore the charm novelty—that could rouse the dormant energies of his nature, and call forth the emotions unknown to him, of hope and fear.

One dreary evening Rudolph had proposed a hundred schemes of amusement, not one of which sounded acceptably in the ears of Lord Carlton. He had danced in the gayest assemblies for a succession of nights, till it seemed a luxury

even to sit still for a few hours. He had lounged on the Prater till he was familiar with every fair and wrinkled face that was daily to be seen there. He had run the round of every concert till his ears ached with the concord of sweet sounds, and he had visited the theatres, till there was not a new actress, or a new performer to attract. He had been introduced to almost every diplomat and man of rank, at that period resident in Vienna, and had even varied the dull round by mingling in the more bourgeois circle of his humbler friend; but though all these enjoyments had become monotonous and distasteful, he had lost for a while the happy faculty of finding pleasure in more rational pursuits.

It was one of these moments of ennui that Rudolph so well knew how to take advantage. He proposed, for the purpose of beguiling one of the most wearisome evenings they had yet experienced, that they should give a glance at one of the numerous gaming houses, with which Vienna so peculiarly abounds, merely, he said, *pour passer le temps*. "Not," he observed, "that I am likely to be tempted to touch a card tonight. My old father draws his purse-strings too tight, at present, to give me the opportunity. He is more parsimonious than ever, and I know his nature so well, that if I were ruined to-morrow, I must get myself out of the scrape. He would see me perish before he would advance a farthing; so I am tolerably safe from temptation, and much as the wise and prudent enlarge upon the danger of entering those abodes of horror, trust me, there is no lesson half so salutary as the sight of the haggard faces you would there see assembled, and the ups and downs of capricious fortune, which you will behold occur to one individual, in the course of the same night."

In spite of the arguments with which Rudolph sought to gild his insidious proposal, the young viscount felt an insuperable objection to the scheme.

"I will not be persuaded," he said, and he turned away his head. "Rudolph, I dislike experiments on the power to withstand temptation; I will not suffer myself to be allured into scenes which my reason and conscience alike condemn."

As he spoke, he looked earnestly in Rudolph's countenance, to see if he could detect any hidden purpose lurking beneath his apparently careless suggestion. But Von Hermann's well-practised physiognomy defied his scrutiny. He shrank not from his gaze, and observed, with a smile, "My dear Lord, it is plain you misunderstand me, and I am equally at a loss to comprehend you at this moment. If my plan does not meet your approbation, I am ready to abandon it. But prince of philosophers!" he added, with a sneer, the most

dangerous weapon that can be employed against the inexperienced; "do not boast of your power to withstand temptation, when you shrink from being a mere spectator at a game of chance, lest you must necessarily join in it. Are you conscious of any peculiar weakness in your character that you make this heroic declaration?" He then continued in a graver tone, "Your rank and wealth place you above these dishonourable paths to fortune. Where, then, is the temptation? It is only the desperate man who stakes his all upon the hazard of the die, and makes the fatal plunge, in the hope that a single throw will redeem his fallen fortunes. As yet, my friend, you know nothing of the startling realities of life. Oh! the scenes I have witnessed. One such scene is worth a hundred homilies. But I have done. I had no other motive than giving you the benefit of my experience. Let us dismiss the subject."

But he had said enough: Lord Carlton's curiosity was excited, and his vanity piqued at the insinuation against the weakness of his character. His better judgment, of course, gave way before a laugh. In short, he was not convinced, but he suffered himself to be persuaded. The safe and wise precept, which one, whose counsel he valued, had oft repeated to him, "Let him who thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall," was forgotten; his subtle companion's more daring motto was the last that had fallen upon his ear. Lord Carlton was young, and his history is but a chapter in human nature.

As the showy Englishman took the arm of his friend, on the way to the gaming-table, a sudden thought struck him, which called the first blush to his cheek. As they were about to enter that fatal abode, which had caused the destruction of thousands, he stopped abruptly, and called Rudolph aside.—"A word with you, my friend, he said; "I must have a *nom de guerre* for to-night. Call me Wilmot;—any thing you please;—but my rank and name must not be revealed in such a circle as this." The very thought that any transaction of his life should need disguise, caused the most painful emotion that had yet agitated his ingenuous and manly mind. Till this hour, his course had been open, and he knew it to be so; and this feeling ought to have arrested his progress, but he had passed the Rubicon.

This first night fled without any material incident, as his companion intended it should do. It was not his purpose to startle him by any display of vice in its more repulsive form; but as, in all large assemblies, it is impossible to be long a spectator, without finding something to arrest the attention,

there was one individual amid that motley group, whom Lord Carlton, from the first moment of his entrance, regarded with more than common interest. He was evidently a foreigner, for he spoke German but imperfectly, and conversed chiefly in French, which appeared to be his native language; and in his haggard countenance, and sunken eye, he traced with strange interest, the devastation occasioned by human passions. To the stranger life and death seemed to hang upon the issue of every throw, yet his features bore not that ferocious or sinister expression, which the young lord observed in so many of the revolting countenances around him. There was nothing depicted in his physiognomy like that low cunning, or hardened guilt, which, in the professed gambler, destroys all regret for his fate; but there was alternate hope, fear, and despair, written in such legible characters upon his distorted features, that Lord Carlton felt a singular reluctance to quit the place, till he had witnessed the denouement. Even when Rudolph, to whom such scenes were familiar, artfully affecting weariness, and yawning, would have led his friend from the exciting scene, the viscount felt himself riveted to the spot, by his increasing interest in the fluctuations of the game. At length Fortune decided in the stranger's favour. He not only regained all that he had lost in the early part of the evening, but swept off a sum of sufficient magnitude to startle the young novice, in this haunt of fortune. The wild exultation with which the winner retired with his gains, was startling even to witness. The two friends instinctively followed him, and heard him mutter to himself: "Now I am satisfied I have saved those dear ones from destruction. I can meet their eyes, and now, if I know myself, I will be tempted here no more;" and he laughed almost a frantic laugh, as he cast a lingering but triumphant glance upon the halls which he had quitted, and seemed to hurry on, trembling, lest some lurking plunderer should pursue, and rob him of his unexpected wealth.

"Did you mark him, did you hear his final resolve?" said Rudolph to his friend, as slowly and languidly, with aching brows, they retraced their steps.

"I did," said the Englishman, looking upwardly at the advancing daylight, and thinking how late he had been induced to protract his stay. "I did, and am glad that there was one individual in that heterogeneous group, who has firmness enough to fly from the scene of his temptation, and with virtue enough to abjure it once and forever. I saw from the first he was not a hopeless and determined gambler."

"Ha! ha! my innocent young friend," said Rudolph smi-

ling, "are you really taken in by that flourishing speech, and cannot see that such showy promises are made to be broken? The very success of to-night will tempt him to try and double his spoils to-morrow. Trust me, another sun will hardly go down without seeing him at his old haunts. I have seen more of the world than your Lordship, and understand human nature better. Meet me at midnight at the same place again, and see if your interesting unknown does not prove the truth of my judgment."

"No," returned the viscount, "such infatuation would be worse than madness, after all the agonies we have seen that wretch undergo to-night. I feel prepossessed in his favour, and predict otherwise. I had thought it was the first and last time I should have entered a place so uncongenial to my habits; but I feel an absorbing and unaccountable curiosity in the fate of that man, which induces me to accept your challenge."

And so the friends parted, to meet again, the tempter and tempted, at that spot, which was to become the scene of events, destined to shed their influence over the whole of Lord Carlton's hitherto tranquil life.

When the young men met at the place of rendezvous the following night, at the appointed hour, Von Hermann cast a triumphant glance at his friend. They both saw in a moment, that the unknown had arrived before them, and was already deeply engaged in his desperate pursuit. A second glance only sufficed to show that Fortune was no longer in his favour. Lord Carlton, disappointed, excited, and withal interested, more than he had thought it possible to be in the fate of one of whom he knew so little, could not resist the influence of the moment; and springing forward, whispered in the ear of the stranger, "Be warned by a friend, and stop in time, before utter ruin overtake you."

But the warning was unheeded or unheard by the victim before him, and the viscount turned away, sickened and dismayed by the spectacle. Suddenly a thought flashed like a meteor across his brain, which had its origin only in the enthusiastic generosity of his nature. He would rescue the wretched man from the harpies who were destroying him. He would himself become his opponent, and a more merciful one than the sharers who were leagued against him. Again he whispered, "Free yourself from this reckless set. Let us try our luck at some other table, where Fortune may again favour you. Here the chances are all against you,—be ruled by me."

The stranger looked up for a moment, and gazed full in

Lord Carlton's open and winning countenance. He was evidently a new comer, one whose features were not familiar to him in these haunts of vice. He might redeem his losses, and be again a made man. With an air of disgust and chagrin, he paid the sum he had lost, and rising, refused to play any more for awhile. Another half hour beheld him with Lord Carlton for his antagonist, again plunged in all the wild excitement from which with an effort he had just emancipated himself. Rudolph looked on with an eager gaze, at the result of his own machinations, astonished even at the rapidity with which the high-minded Carlton had fallen into the snare.

At first the Englishman was the loser, but the tide changed rapidly, and in a brief space of time, he found, to his dismay, that, without effort on his part, and entirely against his will, he had won from his unhappy opponent, not only all his gains of the preceding night, but a sum even considerably beyond it. This proved satisfactorily to his mind, that the stranger was, however misguided, at least as he had supposed him, an honest man; and that he was not master of any of those unhallowed arts which he might so easily have employed against an unpractised player like himself. In the meantime, the object of his reverie started up, every feature convulsed by the fierce passions at war within, and flinging, with a loud execration, all the ready money he could command upon the table, he called for pen, ink and paper, and wrote, in characters rendered almost illegible by the agitation of his mind, an obligation to pay the remainder, which he signed with the name of Albert de Lusignan. Then rising with a disordered air, he hastily prepared to depart. Lord Carlton was well aware that the crowded saloon they at present occupied, was not the place for any unwonted display of generosity, but his resolution was immediately taken. He followed him unperceived, and observed him rush hastily across the hall by which they entered, and open the door of a small private apartment, dimly lighted and totally unoccupied. There he flung himself into a chair, pressed his hands wildly against his beating forehead, and ringing the bell, demanded a glass of water, which was instantly brought to him. He then took from his pocket a small paper, and proceeded to dissolve the powder which it contained in the water. His purpose was obvious. The Englishmen, whose entrance had been unobserved by the unhappy man in the agitation of the moment, now rushed forward, and, with the rapidity of thought, dashed the glass from his hands.

Uttering a cry of despair, and glaring around with the
30*

look of a maniac, he demanded fiercely whence came the obstruction. "And is it you?" he exclaimed, as he recognised the features of his preserver; "is it from your hands I receive the hated gift of life? you who have deprived me of the very means of existence even for another day, and who have plunged into utter beggary two wretched and innocent beings, whose lives are far dearer to me than my own? Begone, and insult me not, with this misplaced compassion."

"Be calm," said Lord Carlton in consoling accents, "be calm, and hear me. You must not class me with the associates with whom you have hitherto mingled. The events of this night have taught me a lesson which I can never forget. I followed you; I sought to restore life and hope to you and yours. Another moment, and your own hand would have put all atonement out of my power; made your children orphans, and *yourself*,—I cannot pronounce the word. You are spared that last irredeemable crime. Take back, Sir, this ill-gotten money, which to me would be a burthen and an offence. Here is your draft, which I will destroy before your eyes. You are free—go in peace to that home which you would have rendered desolate, and go an altered man. I demand but one sacrifice in return, that you will from this hour seek a more reputable road to fortune."

De Lusignan gazed wildly on his benefactor, at first in his distraction scarcely comprehending the meaning of his words. A variety of contending emotions, of which gratitude was the predominant feeling, for awhile deprived him of utterance, and grasping the young noble's hand between his own, he burst into a flood of tears. When speech could find its way, he overwhelmed him with thanks and protestations; willingly, with many asseverations, giving the promise required of him, and concluding with preferring a request, that his new-found friend would accompany him home to receive the thanks and blessings of his family.

At first, Lord Carlton pleaded the lateness of the hour; but on De Lusignan's replying that had the sun even risen above the horizon, his wife and daughter, well nigh worn out with watching and weeping, never sought their pillows till his return, his objections were overruled; he felt, besides, an ardent curiosity to follow the adventure to its close, and glean some insight into the stranger's history. Perceiving, too, the state of excitement in which De Lusignan still remained, he felt it a sort of duty to finish his work of benevolence by escorting him safely to his home. At this moment, as they were leaving the room, they encountered Rudolph, who had come in search of his friend. The viscount had just

time to whisper to him still to preserve his incognito, and address him by no other name than Wilmot; and Rudolph having heard from the grateful De Lusignan an imperfect and hurried account of the transaction, requested permission to join the party; more than ever determined not to lose sight of his intended victim.

The way to the stranger's abode was long and wearisome. He led them to the very extremity of the city, and even far into the suburbs, but the night air refreshed and cooled their fevered brows. At length they arrived at a small but neat habitation, rendered picturesque, even as seen by the light of the waning moon, by the flowers which overshadowed its latticed windows. The anxious wife flew eagerly to the door, as she recognised the well known step, looking doubtfully and half reproachfully in her husband's face. She was speedily followed by her no less anxious daughter, to Lord Carlton's surprise, a fair and elegant girl, of about eighteen, who shrank timidly back on the first sight of the strangers; but on her father's especially pointing out Lord Carlton to her notice, as one whom they could never repay for the service he had that night rendered them, she soon recovered her self-possession, and received them with that ease of manner which sufficiently proved that she was a person of no inferior order.

Though the cottage was small, and the repast frugal, there was an appearance of even classic taste in all the arrangements of the little apartment, and the evidence of graceful pursuits, pertaining to a far higher sphere than that in which they then moved. The manners also of Madame de Lusignan, were polished in the extreme. She was even a woman of lofty demeanour, and had still the remains of remarkable beauty, which, though rapidly fading under the effects of time and care, promised to be vividly renewed in the young graces of her charming and only child. There was a mixture of winning simplicity, and genuine feeling in every word that fell from Josephine's lips, so far removed from the insipid nothings and affected phrases, which distinguished the vapid conversation of the high-born and coquettish fair ones with whom Lord Carlton had hitherto associated, that he was greatly interested by the novelty. There was a fire and intelligence in Josephine's eye, which though its brilliancy had lately been dimmed by tears, showed the mind within, a mind which had evidently been highly cultivated by an accomplished parent.

After more than an hour thus agreeably spent, Lord Carlton took his leave, but day after day beheld him retracing his steps in the direction of the cottage, and day after day beheld

him more fascinated by the society of its inmates. He still suffered himself to be known to them only by the name of Wilmot, which circumstances had at first compelled him to adopt. The excitement for which the young viscount had so long pined, was now no longer wanting. He had formed the romantic idea of winning the pure and unsophisticated heart of Josephine, unaided by the adventitious advantages of rank and fortune, which had hitherto made him distrustful of the homage he had every where received from manœuvring mothers, and equally designing daughters. He represented himself therefore merely as a young English student, who having just finished his education, was making a tour of amusement, previously to finally fixing upon a profession. He had, he said, a small patrimonial estate in England, sufficient to render him moderately independent, so that he could await with patience the chances of his success in life.

As time, however, wore on, Lord Carlton became anxious to penetrate the mystery which shrouded the fate of the interesting recluses of the cottage. Josephine had occasionally in their conversations spoken of her maternal grandfather, a man, she said, of consideration and wealth, resident in Vienna; but who had never forgiven his daughter, for what he deemed the imprudent alliance she had formed in early youth; and still withheld from her the ample fortune to which she would have been entitled, had she married with his approbation. After a partial reconciliation, he had been induced to allow her a scanty income, while he himself was the inhabitant of a splendid chateau. He occasionally admitted his daughter at long intervals, but those interviews were so embittered by the reproaches of the stern old man, and harsh invectives against the husband of her choice, that they met without pleasure, and parted without regret. But to her father's relatives Josephine never alluded; on the subject of his early career, she was equally silent. She either knew nothing, or was forbidden to reveal his history.

Had he, then, thought the lover, no profession, no friends, no legitimate pursuit which might have freed him from this irksome thraldom? Had he no resource but that desperate one which had so nearly been the means of terminating his disastrous life? Could he be a criminal who had fled from the hands of justice, and who dared not return to the land of his birth? This was a problem which he knew not how to solve. This was the dark cloud which overshadowed this otherwise blissful period of his existence. The earl, his father, had been to him the kindest of parents. He knew him to be a man neither arrogant, avaricious, nor ambitious, and that he

would willingly give his consent to any matrimonial alliance in which his happiness was concerned, provided there was no dishonour connected with it. Josephine was not one whom he could blush to introduce into the first society. She was fitted to adorn the highest rank. But her history was the stumbling-block.

Suddenly "a change came over the spirit of his dream." He received a letter from the earl, summoning him instantly to England, and expressing his surprise at his protracted stay. The moment for decision was come. He resolved at least to ascertain Josephine's sentiments before his departure; though of those he could entertain little doubt, from the undisguised pleasure she experienced in his society. He flattered himself, that when affairs were thus brought to a crisis, their relative positions would induce De Lusignan to throw off the reserve with which he had hitherto treated him, and dissipate, instead of confirming the fears which at present haunted him. But he was little prepared for the disappointment which awaited him in his interview with Josephine. What was his dismay when with blushing face and averted head, she mildly, but firmly rejected the offer of his hand! Was he then deceived? Was the simple and innocent child of nature a mere woman of the world after all? Was it necessary to reveal his name and rank, to have secured her for his own? Did she spurn the English student under a remote idea of being one day acknowledged the heiress of her wealthy grandfather, and aspiring to a more auspicious alliance?

The suspicion was natural, but he did injustice to that guileless and affectionate heart. As he demanded with some appearance of indignation, the cause of such apparent inconsistency of conduct, Josephine acknowledged with a violent burst of tears, that her affections were his, and his alone, and she added, with all the enthusiasm of a first love, would be his till death, but she could never be his wife. She had made an irrevocable vow, that she would never give her hand to one who had been allure to the gaming table. Had she not seen enough of the fatal consequences of the destructive vice of gaming? Had not all her youthful, and what ought to have been her happiest days, been blighted, by her father's irreclaimable propensity to those hazardous courses? Had she not seen their home desolate, themselves on the verge of ruin, and her father sunk into premature old age? Had she not listened to his often repeated promises of reform, wrung from him by the tears and despair of his unhappy wife, till her heart sickened at the reiterated disappointment?

It was in vain that the lover protested that he had been

tempted not by inclination, but curiosity, and the persuasion of his friend. Yet, that was the spot where he had first encountered her father, and where he had learned a lesson which would make him a miracle of prudence for life; and it would be hard, he argued, casting at her an involuntary glance, which reminded her of his claims upon her gratitude, if the very circumstance which had first introduced them to each other, should be the cause of their final separation. More he said, inspired by the impassioned eloquence of the moment—more than it is necessary to our purpose to repeat; yet the fair one remained inexorable, and they parted. But still he lingered near the spot of his enchantment, contriving fresh excuses for remaining in Vienna, in hopes of finding her some day in a more propitious mood; but he was compelled to admit that time did not advance his suit, and he could no longer protract his return. A second letter from the offended earl awakened him to the folly of lingering away his hours without hope of a favourable result; and with a heavy heart, he repaired to De Lusignan's cottage to take a formal and final leave of its inmates.

In his way thither, he encountered Rudolph Von Hermann, who accosted him with a sneer, "What, still in chase of the capricious fair one! You are too late, the bird is flown." The viscount passed him hastily and angrily, either misunderstanding his meaning, or mistrusting his assertion, for of late his confidence had been greatly shaken in his once chosen associate. The intelligence however in this instance was but too true. The cottage was now tenanted only by a very deaf and cross old woman, who to his eager inquiries, could or would give no farther answer than that the family had departed at an early hour that morning, without leaving any clue by which to trace their route. Lord Carlton turned from the door with a sickening feeling of disappointment. Was this what he had a right to expect at their hands? What! not one token of remembrance, not one simple word of farewell? Was this the fond, the pure-hearted, high-minded Josephine? Had he no claims upon her gratitude, if he had none upon her love? Was this the world, the bitter world, which he had prepared to enter with such glowing hopes, such ardent and generous feelings? Was he fated to be deceived alike in friendship and in love? Experience had indeed come too soon for his happiness. In short, at two-and-twenty, the opulent Englishman was in danger of becoming a misanthrope. Fiercely and moodily he retraced his steps; wrote a grave and gloomy letter to his old friend and monitor, Sternheim, acknowledging the wisdom of his counsels; took a frigid farewell of Von Her-

mann, ordered his travelling carriage, and before the sun set, bade adieu to Vienna.

He hoped in England, in the home of his ancestors, to find some consolation for his wounded spirit. The old earl received him with a cordial welcome, but was altogether dismayed at the appearance of dejection, so legibly written on every feature. He tried every means that affection could devise, to dissipate his chagrin. Balls and fetes were given in profusion to welcome his return, but the young viscount mingled in them with the same joyless and dissatisfied air. The earl sought in vain to win his confidence. He inquired if any pecuniary pressure weighed upon his mind, if any lurking indisposition was preying upon his constitution; but Lord Carlton protested that he was well and happy, with a countenance which belied every word he uttered. The earl next besought him to marry, to choose some bride among the beautiful and titled fair ones around him. He uttered a peevish "Psha! He was indisposed to matrimony; women were all heartless and mercenary. He would be beloved for himself alone." This was his favourite phrase.

Thus two years passed sadly and slowly away, when he was tried by a new affliction. The earl died, in the midst of years and honours, and bitterly his heir reproached himself, that he had not contributed more to his happiness during the last brief period which they had spent together. He was now Earl of Wilmington, possessor of a fine and unencumbered estate, but he had lost the only being who loved him, and his newly acquired wealth added nothing to his enjoyment. The prey of morbid and bitter feelings, he was sick of the homage that was paid to him on all sides. Josephine had rejected him as the humble student. In his own circle, he was courted, caressed, and flattered, till adulation became oppressive. The sickness of the mind, produced a corresponding effect upon his frame. A physician was called in, who prescribed the usual remedy in such cases. He recommended him to travel. The idea pleased him. He wanted excitement. Italy was yet unexplored by him. He might, perchance, meet with Josephine. Still possessed with his early romantic notion of being loved for himself alone, he resolved to travel incognito, and dispense with all the appendages of his station in society.

He lingered a week at Paris, though every spot there was familiar to his eye; and frequented every public place, in the remote hope of encountering one still dear to him. With this view he determined to devote a few days to every principal city in his route to Rome, where he intended to make his chief sojourn. He sentimentalized for awhile on the banks of

the Lake of Geneva, apostrophized the Alps with all a traveller's raptures, wrote verses among the holy monks of St. Bernard, lingered for a short time among the fair groves, lofty hills and picturesque valleys which surround the fair city of Florence, and then winged his way to Rome. There he remained during the gaiety of the Carnival, till suddenly sick of sightseeing, pictures, antiquities, and ruins, he prepared to take his departure for Naples.

Not yet feeling sufficiently weary of life to wish to get rid of it in a speedy or irregular manner, he determined not to remain any unnecessary time in the neighbourhood of the Pontine Marshes, or the mountains so well known as the haunts of banditti, and he gave orders that this part of his route should be performed with as much rapidity as possible. Nevertheless, it was almost night-fall on the second day, when, as he approached the end of his journey, within about seven miles of Naples, he was startled by the report of a pistol, instantly followed by a piercing shriek as of one in mortal agony. With the prompt benevolence of his nature, he directed the postillion to drive towards the sound with all possible speed. The fellow, with the sulkiness of his tribe, having evidently no gout for the rencontre, was so tardy in obeying the command, that by the time they reached the spot whence the cries proceeded, the banditti had fled with their booty, having left to his fate upon the road, a wounded and apparently expiring traveller. Lord Wilmington leapt from the carriage, and assisted in placing into it the unfortunate stranger. But how much was his horror increased, when, gazing at him more earnestly, the light from the lamps in front revealed to him the countenance of his former friend Rudolph Von Hermann. Rudolph languidly opening his eyes at the moment, also recognized his old associate.

"And is it from your hand," he exclaimed convulsively, "that I receive this last sad office, you whom I have sought to injure so deeply? In this I read too late the justice of Heaven. All will soon be known and avenged—and to-morrow I was to have been a bridegroom, united to the chosen one of your heart!" He gasped for breath, and then implored that he might be taken as speedily as possible to Naples; naming a house in the Strada di Toledo, where resided the father of his betrothed, to which he desired to be conveyed.

Then exhausted by the effort, he relapsed into total insensibility, in which state he remained till they arrived at Naples. On reaching the house to which Rudolph had requested to be conveyed, Lord Wilmington turned to him to inquire the name of his friend. Von Hermann with a deep sigh feebly

uttered the words—"De Lusignan—Josephine." Lord Wilmington thought that his senses wandered, and gazed at him in utter bewilderment. Was it an apparition that the next moment stood before him?

Josephine, for it was she, gave a scream of horror, as Rudolph grasped her hand, and fixed upon her his dying eyes. "Forgive, forgive me, Josephine," he exclaimed. "I have slandered him," pointing to the Earl, "and wronged you both. He arrived too late to save my life. This was Heaven's decree: you are avenged." With a deep groan he expired.

In the first shock attendant upon such an event, Lord Wilmington could neither demand nor receive the explanation of the mysterious circumstances which preceded it, and above all, that secret influence by which Josephine had been urged even to the point of marriage with his rival, a marriage in which it was evident that her heart was not concerned, and from which his death alone freed her. But when the remains of Rudolph were consigned to his untimely grave, he could restrain his impatience no longer, and Josephine, with her father's sanction, related their history, which was briefly as follows:

Louis de Montfort, the real name of the exile, was a man of noble birth in France. He had been adopted in boyhood, by the Count de Montfort, his uncle, in consequence of some afflicting occurrences which had deprived him of his only son Adolphe. This cousin of Louis, nearly of his own age, had been remarkable in infancy for personal beauty; but through the negligence of a female attendant, had met with an accident, which made him a cripple for life. The domestic who had been the cause of this disaster, had been dismissed by the indignant parents, and a few days afterwards, the child himself was missing from the paternal roof. Suspicion instantly fell upon the discarded domestic; but after three or four years spent in fruitless inquiries and vain regrets, the bereaved count formed the resolution of adopting his orphan nephew, and bestowing upon him the patrimony intended for his infant heir. An unlooked for event, however, cast a cloud over the brilliant prospect of Louis, whose one-and-twentieth birthday was on the eve of being celebrated with almost regal pomp, when the lost heir suddenly re-appeared, with every means of proving his identity. His peculiar lameness, a remarkable scar which had been one of the consequences of the accident, the golden cross which he had worn around his neck at the time of his abduction, were in themselves almost sufficient evidence; in addition to which he produced a document, purporting to be the dying testimony of the nurse, who confessed

her having stolen the boy in infancy, in revenge for her dismissal, and having brought him up in obscurity under the care of her brother, a silk-weaver at Lyons. This statement was confirmed by Anselmo, the steward, an Italian, much in the confidence of the count, to whom the communication had been originally made, and who lost no time in seeking out the heir, in the hope of a munificent reward.

Thus Louis's air-built visions were overthrown as by a thunderbolt, and it is not to be wondered at, that at that glowing period of youth, whatever he might expect from the compassion of his uncle, he gave way to sudden despair. Nor was the count himself much cheered by the re-appearance of his heir, as an uneducated rustic. But justice must be done. Withered as were all his hopes, a deeper calamity was yet in store for the unhappy Louis. Wandering in a dejected mood in a grove about a mile from the count's chateau, he was startled by the cry of "Murder!" and rushing to the spot, arrived only in time to see his cousin in the grasp of a masked assassin, who, instantly firing a pistol with fatal effect at the unfortunate youth, fled, leaving him a corse at the feet of Louis. De Montfort stood a few minutes petrified by the spectacle. Anxious to see if any spark of life remained, he leaned in anguish over the prostrate form of his deceased relative, at a loss what course to pursue. His first thought was to alarm the inhabitants of the chateau; but brief time was allowed him for reflection. Anselmo, the steward, suddenly appeared, seized, and denounced him as the murderer. Louis repelled the accusation with scorn; when Anselmo, taking up the pistol with which the fatal deed had been done, showed him his own name engraved upon it. It was one which had been the gift of his uncle but a few days previously. Louis stood aghast at the sight. He was struck with the impossibility of proving his innocence, and was led as a criminal to the chateau, which had been the scene of his happiest years.

The old Abbe, the count's chaplain and Louis's former tutor, who loved him as his own son, readily gave credence to his protestations of innocence; but he pointed out to the miserable youth, the utter hopelessness of a simple denial against such a fatal combination of circumstances. He recommended him to fly for awhile, till time should throw light upon the tragedy, and bring the real murderer to justice; and promised to favour his flight. He pointed out to him, that the despair he had expressed on his cousin's return, the manifest advantages he would derive from his death, were all combined against him. Louis saw no alternative but a disgraceful flight to save him from an ignominious death, his flight unhappily

confirming, in the mind of the count, the suspicion of his guilt. He had fortunately a sufficient sum of money in his possession to maintain him for awhile, and with this sum he fled under a feigned name to Germany. There he continued to obtain a scanty subsistence by his singular talents as an artist, an accomplishment which he had cultivated with great delight in his happier days, and it was this acquirement which first introduced him to the notice of Darmstadt, the father of his wife, who engaged him as tutor for his daughter. There he taught other lessons than those of his art, and persuaded the heiress to elope with him, under the vain hope of a reconciliation with her father, when the deed was irrevocable. The necessities of his family, and the galling dependence on the reluctant assistance yielded them by the vindictive parent, together with his maddening grief at beholding his wife reduced to a station so inferior to her pretensions, first led De Montfort to seek to redeem his ruined fortunes at the gaming-table.

It was at this period that Rudolph, by some strange chance, became introduced to the acquaintance of Darmstadt, the grandfather of Josephine, and contrived to insinuate himself into his confidence. From him he learned that his heart in secret bled for his unhappy daughter; but that though the unfortunate habits of her husband rendered all permanent aid unavailing, he intended to make restitution in the person of his grandchild, on whom he would bestow the fortune once destined for her mother, if she married to his satisfaction. Rudolph's way now seemed clear before him. He abjured all his old haunts, and was apparently so exemplary in his conduct, that he succeeded in establishing himself firmly in the good graces of the old man. But it was not so easy to alienate Josephine from her lover. Here too his dextrous brain was successful. He represented Lord Carlton as a shameless profligate, a professed gamester, utterly irreclaimable, and travelling under an assumed name for nefarious purposes. But an explanation might take place between the lovers, and the young noble resume his real name and character, and justify himself in her eyes. It was necessary, therefore, to part them, and this also he accomplished. De Montfort had, of course, revealed to his wife every circumstance connected with his early life, but at her request had long forbore to make a similar communication to Darmstadt. She, who knew the hardness of her father's nature, trembled lest he should be inclined to doubt the innocence of her husband; but in one unlucky interview, De Montfort, taunted by his father-in-law with the obscurity of his birth, revealed his tragic history.—This gave Darmstadt an advantage over him, which he did not

neglect to employ. On any application for pecuniary assistance, he threatened, if pressed upon the subject, to denounce him to his accusers. This Von Hermann knew, and when it became expedient to separate Josephine from her lover, he alarmed De Montfort by a false report, that Darmstadt was about to execute his threat. This occasioned the sudden flight of the whole family to Italy. To Italy Rudolph followed them, and there formally demanded Josephine's hand.

The galling poverty of her parents, the tears and entreaties of her mother, to whom Rudolph had represented himself as a man in opulent circumstances, and her conviction of the Englishman's utter unworthiness, had nearly led to a completion of the sacrifice, and, once his wife, Rudolph had determined to conduct her back to Vienna, and claim from her grandfather the fortune he had pledged himself to bestow upon her. Josephine too had become acquainted with her grandfather's intentions in her favour, through the exultation of Rudolph, when he had once obtained her consent to their union, it being necessary to inform her of his reasons for preparing to return with her to Germany. Yet he professed that fortune was, with him, a secondary consideration, and that he had interested himself in endeavouring to soften the old man's heart from a simple motive of benevolence, even when he supposed her engaged to his rival. Yet Josephine was not so wholly duped. She had hitherto given him credit for at least disinterested motives in seeking her hand. On this discovery, her repugnance to the ill-assorted union increased to abhorrence, but she had gone too far to recede.

But fortune was still not weary of persecuting this unhappy family. On the very day, before that appointed for the marriage, De Montfort had encountered in the streets of Naples, Anselmo, his uncle's steward, and his own accuser. Flight was again their only resource, and they were preparing for their departure immediately after the marriage, when Rudolph was brought in mortally wounded.

Josephine's narrative was now brought to a close, to which Lord Wilmington listened with intense interest. The death of Von Hermann having removed the great obstacle to his happiness, with the frankness and generosity of his nature, he instantly proposed to Josephine to unite their fates for life. But "the course of true love never does run smooth." He found Josephine more blushing and more beautiful than ever, but to his utter surprise, declaring her intention never to marry. He urged his suit with the ardour of one devoted to her. At length he wrung the secret from her reluctant lips. "You found me," said she, "on the point of being the wife of an-

ther. Circumstances compelled me to sacrifice all my feelings to a sense of duty. It was to save my father from ruin. But I now owe your friendship another duty. Value for your esteem must prevent me from bringing to you a dishonoured name. My father is guiltless of the horrid crime charged against him, but he has no power to clear himself; he is still compelled to live under this disgrace; his wife and daughter must share it with him, and I will never have to reproach myself with bringing shame to the high-hearted being who has honoured me with his love."

The declaration was made with many a tear, but it was firmly made. There was no alternative; they must part. In a few evenings after, the young Englishman came to bid his last farewell. But, as the whole family were sitting sadly together, the door was suddenly opened, and they were startled by the entrance of Anselmo, who had traced out their abode. As De Montfort gazed on him in unspeakable agitation, it needed not a second glance to convince him that the wan and haggard countenance before him was that of a man whose life was fast waning to a close; the first words which the Italian uttered, dissipated the fears of the assembled group. "Start not, De Montfort," he exclaimed; "I seek you no longer as your accuser, but as the only man who can prove your innocence. The hand of death is upon me; I feel that a few days, nay, a few hours, may bring this hated existence to a close.—Here is the confession of my manifold crimes. The old count still lives, and will receive you with open arms. Give him this, and for this late atonement grant me your forgiveness, and permit me to die,—if a murderer can so die—in peace." With those words, he placed a written memorial in their hands, and hastily quitted the apartment.

Anselmo's confession was briefly as follows: he had been leagued with Therese the discarded domestic, in the abduction of the count's son, and it was agreed between them, that when the youth should become of age, she should feign a death-bed repentance, despatch her written testimony to her accomplice, and thus they should share between them the handsome reward which they would no doubt obtain from the delighted parent. So far all succeeded according to their expectation, but they disputed as to the division of the spoils; Anselmo's avarice prompting him to deny his companion in iniquity an equal share. Their conference was overheard by Adolphe, who threatened to give them up to justice. His murder was the consequence of the Italian's revenge. To shield himself from the danger of the crime, he had stolen De Montfort's pistol from his chamber, and denounced him as

the murderer. But remorse had ever since pursued him; his life had been one of agony, and he at last sought relief from his torments in roaming the continent in search of the injured Louis. Hopeless of tracing him, and feeling himself the victim of a mortal disease, he returned to his native city to die, when chance brought about the rencontre he had so long sought in vain.

An hour later, this discovery would have been too late, for in that hour, Lord Wilmington would have gone from Naples, never to return. But now, what scruples could even Josephine's fastidious delicacy raise against his suit? Leaving De Montfort and his wife to rejoice in his exculpation, he led her to the casement. It was one of the magnificent nights of a Neapolitan autumn. The winds breathed odours from Salerno; the moon lay on the horizon like a vast shield of silver, and the waters glittered with reflected myriads of stars, like another heaven. In this delicious hour, and with nature itself as if giving a holy witness to their contract, Josephine received, and gave the vows of fidelity and love.

The young nobleman, however, determined to keep up the romance to the end, and not to reveal his real name and rank, till he had conducted his bride to the seat of his ancestors.—At their little supper of the night, it was resolved by De Montfort to accept, for the time, Lord Wilmington's proposal of seeking a refuge in England, until he should be enabled to bring forward the documents necessary to reconcile him with the government of his country. The lovers were married by the chaplain of the British Embassy, and in a few days the whole family were on their way to the great country of security and freedom. "I bring you poverty, but an honourable name," were the words of Josephine.

"You bring me yourself, and in that word, you bring me beauty, genius, and virtue," was the answer of the enraptured bridegroom.

On reaching England, Lord Wilmington proposed, that they should accept the invitation of a friend who had a mansion in one of the western counties; to remain there, till their own cottage should be prepared to receive them. In two days they reached the place of their destination. "There is Wilmington Castle," said the earl, as from the summit of a range of hills, they looked down upon a noble mansion embosomed in one of the finest landscapes in England. Josephine had the eye of an artist, and was delighted with the richness of verdure and the look of luxuriance that belongs exclusively to the soil. But, as the carriage wound through the miles of avenue which led through those noble groves, where every

turn of the road exhibited some blue lake, or wooded hill, or velvet meadow, her delight was irrestrainable. At length they arrived at the entrance of the castle, where a crowd of domestics in rich liveries, with the steward at their head, awaited to receive them. The steward bore a letter, containing his lord's compliments;—that Mr. Wilmot and his friends would do him the honour to alight and remain, but regretting that indispensable business had compelled him to go to London the evening before, from which, however, he should return on the following day.

Josephine's reluctance to intrude on the hospitality of the absent noblemen would have made her decline it, but De Montfort protested against their giving offence, and the party entered the mansion. It was evidently prepared for their reception, and their praises of its pomp and elegance were universal. A suite of stately rooms led to the apartment where dinner was prepared, and all there was sumptuous. The silence, the decorum, and the number of the attendants, astonished De Montfort, accustomed to the noise of the French valets. The richness of the plate raised the wonder of Madame, who "had seen nothing like it, since she had danced at Versailles in the glorious days of Marie Antoinette." Josephine's vivid eye, and animated spirit, glanced at every thing, and was delighted with all. The dinner over, they retired to the wing, which opened on the gardens. This suite was a still higher source of enjoyment. Pictures, bronzes, and sculptures by Canova and Thorwaldsen, exhibited at once the boundless wealth, and classic elegance of the noble owner. Josephine's fine taste was all delight. The young husband alone was grave. Struck and pained by this unusual dejection, she asked the cause. Taking one of the loveliest hands in the world between his own, and fixing his expressive eye upon the sparkling brilliancy of hers: "Josephine," said he, in a half whispered accent, "I am almost sorry that I accepted Lord Norwarden's invitation,—how will you endure our cottage after this?" She was silent. "How," said he, "can I supply my wife with splendours such as these? Men of narrow fortunes must take the chances of the world; and how shall they bring round them the plate, the pictures, and the attendance that opulence like my friend's procures so lavishly? Josephine, your talent and beauty would have secured the heart of my noble friend had he seen you. He must soon see you. Do you repent your choice?" Josephine was still silent, but the flushing of her cheek and the fondness which glistened in her eye, showed what she felt. The question was repeated. In a passion of tears and love, she threw herself

on her husband's neck, and said, "Let us leave this house this instant. Repent my choice! Wilmot, without you, this castle with all its pomp would be a desert. With you, a desert would be welcome." He gazed upon her with looks as glowing as her own, and leading her to a recess from which was obtained a full view of the suite, "Well then, Josephine, since you have learned to love a poor man, learn to love a rich one. Forgive, dearest, this little plot, which was only arranged to give you an agreeable surprise. This castle is mine,—is yours. De Montfort, come and congratulate Lady Wilmington on her arrival *at home*." The French noble and the lady mother flew into raptures worthy of the court of Louis Quatorze. Josephine, overcome with a thousand mingled emotions of gratitude, surprise, and joy, could only droop on her husband's bosom, and sigh, "Charles, I may honour you more in these splendours, but I can never love you more than I did the first moment we met. I loved you for yourself, and that love is all in all."

EVE AT THE FOUNTAIN.

BY THOMAS R. HOFLAND.

She stood beside the fountain—the clear stream
Reflected all her charms, in company,
With early Phœbus' warm and amorous beam
Which in its crystal bosom sported free—
Entranced she gazed, and saw the vision bright,
Smile when she smiled, and mimie every look,
"How beautiful!" she cried, with fond delight,
"Would I were thou! sweet spirit of the brook."
And lightly then she flew to a near grove,
Where 'neath a vine her bosom's love repos'd,
"Adam!" she cried, "awake, arise, thy love,"
Then stooping, kissed him—and his eyes unclosed.
"Adam, we are not in these bowers alone,
As thou didst say, and as I deemed we were,
For by yon fountain as I chanced to roam
I saw a form beauteous beyond compare
In its clear bosom sporting joyously,
Lo, when I smiled, so did the spirit smile,
And ever as I moved it mimiced me,
Looking so wondrous beautiful the while,
Ah, would that I were as the spirit fair,"
"And so thou art," cried Adam as he prest
His lovely partner, to his throbbing breast,
"For thou alone, my gentle one, wast there;
And that sweet spirit, which to thee did seem
To be so wondrous, beautiful and fair,
Was thine own image mirrored in the stream,"

"O GIVE ME THE HILLS AND THE WOODS AND THE MOUNTAINS."

BY WILLIAM T. BACON.

O! give me the hills and the woods and the mountains—
The blue sky my shelter, the heather my floor;
The sunny lakes, cascades, and moss-circled fountains—
O! give me their beauties, I ask for no more!

Ye may tell me of cities, their sweets and their blisses,
The song and the dance, and the wild sparkling eye.
The bright forms of beauty, the soft melting kisses,
The half speaking look, and the soul thrilling sigh.

Ye may tell me of these, but I'll tell ye of singing,
Far away from the woodlands sequester'd and lone—
Of the blithe startling music that, swelling and ringing
From the wild bird, shall make ye confess ye have none.

I can tell ye of beauty, the perfect complexion,
The fair healthy cheek slightly shaded with dun—
'Twould betray ye to think 'tis the gentle reflexion
Of the rose leaf when dyed by the rays of the sun.

I can tell ye of symmetry graceful bewitching,
Of dark eyes, of kisses, of accents that thrill;
I can tell ye of sighs that are speaking and—catching,
For they dwell in the cot on the side of the hill.

Aye! dwelling alone there, surrounded by nature,
One warm heart has wakened to love and to mirth;
The fairest, the sweetest, the purest young creature—
The lightest, the loveliest thing of the earth.

And the love of that innocent heart I have tested,
It is gentle, confiding, and modest, and free;
For its love, the dark current of sorrow I've breasted,
And its thoughts, dreams and wishes now centre in me.

Then give me the hills and the woods and the mountains—
The blue sky my shelter, the heather my floor;
The sunny lakes, cascades, and moss-circled fountains—
O! give me their beauties, I ask for no more!

New-Haven, November, 1838.

THE DISCLOSURES OF SCIENCE.

BY J. E. SNODGRASS.

IN the whole range of philosophical thought no subjects of investigation are so full of interest as those which the physical sciences present. It is true, the study of the moral sciences, such as mental and moral philosophy, is highly useful in teaching man a knowledge of himself and of the relations he holds to his fellow men. They lead him to analyze the springs of human thought and action; and their influences are invariably of a salutary character. They present to him a key by whose magic powers he may expose his own moral nature to view, and from analogy, judge correctly of the motives that direct the actions of his fellow men. In this respect the investigation of facts connected with this branch of philosophy, is all-important, and should ever receive a due share of attention from every one who desires to attain to any thing like respectability in knowledge.

But, while this is true in relation to the moral sciences, it applies with no less force, to the study of those styled natural. For example natural philosophy, including astronomy, teaches us the relation in which matter stands to matter—the mutual dependencies of the various parts of the material universe, and the laws by which its vast systems are governed in their harmonious movements. Without a knowledge of the facts disclosed by this branch of philosophy, man would gaze at the innumerable blazing worlds that present themselves to view, and fail to perceive the least similitude to our planet, in the nature of their evolutions or their material structures. Nor would he, after enjoying the opportunities for observation, allowed to an antediluvian life, arrive at any adequate conceptions of the relative movements of these various orbs, or the utility of the one to the other. No wonder a portion of mankind look upon the sun as the author and dispenser of all the blessings we enjoy, and view our earth as a *stationary* sphere around which in glorious majesty, the king of day, rides in his car of splendour. To the eye of philosophy alone would the fact appear evident that this same earth is the *revolving* ball whose changes of position, induce the va-

rying relations between itself and the sun, which are very naturally, attributed to the movements of the latter. As far, beyond human perception unaided by the deductions of science, would be a knowledge of the difference between the light emitted by the sun, and that which the moon sheds over the face of night. Under such circumstances man would, indeed, readily observe a greater degree of intensity attaching to the light of the latter; but he would not, for a moment, dream of the one as borrowed through means of reflection, from the other. This also was left for the discoveries of science to unfold.

Again man in his primitive condition may be supposed to have viewed with an instinctive awe, and sense of sublimity which even the breast of the savage feels, the aggregated masses of materials composing the towering mountains, and gazed in astonishment as his eye caught, for the first time, a view of some overhanging crag that seemed ready to fall upon him and crush him beneath its prodigious form; but of the structure of these stony masses he never thought,—unless as considering them composed of particles of a like nature, placed together, and held in contact by mysterious forces. No matter how varied the mineralogical qualities they possessed; these were not a subject for reflection. If indeed man had naturally thought of them as composed of diversified elementary principles, he would, in all probability, have viewed all as *alike* useful or of no value. Not being aware, for lack of the requisite scientific aids, of the difference between a block of sandstone and a stratum of the finest marble, or the unsightly rock, and the golden ore concealed between its strata. He would as naturally appropriate one substance as another to his use as a couch on which to repose his wearied limbs, or a table to support his homely fare. It was not until the lamps of science shed their light around him, that he began to inquire into the nature and composition of such objects, and to see the fitness of things as they were formed by the Creator's hand. And how greatly must man's gratitude have been enlarged when he discovered in all these apparently inutile substances, every thing calculated, if properly applied, to enhance his enjoyments. The investigations of chemical science soon began to teach the composition and utility of every thing that met man's eye. And he now examines by analytical tests, the component atoms of the glittering ore, and is delighted to discover its ornamental nature. These disclosures of multiplying facts, have continued to teach him more and more the various uses in the arts, and

the requirements of necessity or luxury, to which substances once passed by as valueless are in modern times, applied. He finds the gold that glittered in the mountain's rock, ornamenting the form of graceful beauty, as it dangles in brilliancy from the ear, or serves both as an ornament and security to some portion of female attire. He has now discovered, also, that the diamond his fellow man in his pristine state, passed by as valueless, supplies the wants of the artist in dividing the most resisting substances, or the demands of luxury and the refinements of wealth. But of equal value in their proper application to his wants, does he find various other material substances. He soon discovers that natural objects have peculiarities and similarities in structure, that suggest their division and arrangement into classes. These classes in time, received the appellation of kingdoms.

In these different kingdoms by the aid of experiment, the mother of scientific truth, he learns to look for all that is requisite to supply his various wants—whether these wants be few and simple, as in a state of nature, or many and increasing, as in the present condition of human life. If he desire food and raiment he can find the materials in abundance from which art can prepare them. He may at once supply either real or capricious wants. Have the influences of disease taken hold of his frame? If so, these kingdoms throw open the storehouses in which their vast treasures are preserved, and he is invited to use freely of their contents.

Every man who has enjoyed in any degree the advantages of scientific acquirements, must have observed the difference between his own condition, and that of his ignorant neighbour, who stares incredulously at facts the most familiar to himself. These have ceased to be any source of wonder to him; and he begins to view them, not as doubtful truths, but as realities as readily comprehended as his own existence.

Of all sciences, *chemistry* is most calculated to awaken incredulity in the minds of the young or ignorant when for the first time listening to its voice. Who for instance, that has been exposed to the influences of a winter's air, can at once reject all the dictations of long established prejudice, and believe the declaration of the chemical philosophy that *cold* is a mere *negative principle—the absence of heat*; and that the clothing we wear, does not insure comfort by keeping out the *cold* as we naturally conjecture, but by preventing the escape of the caloric, or natural heat, of the human body. Before philosophy became his teacher, he was as ignorant of the fact to which we refer, as the buffalo or deer that once wore the robe which in turn protected his frame.

Chemistry is well calculated to produce complete revolutions in the opinions formed by the mind unaided. We stand amazed at many experiments that throw light upon our path. For example, we may have conceived the destructibility of matter,—a doctrine which no reasoning could set aside—depending on our sense of vision for an attestation of its truth. We place a substance perfectly tangible and solid in texture, upon the hearth, and apply the agent called fire; and we quickly perceive nothing left but a light substance of comparatively little weight and of bulk so small as to bear no comparison with that of the original material. We very naturally conclude that the particles of the latter, have been annihilated. Yet chemistry meets us with its glorious and soul-elating doctrine of the *indestructibility of matter*. It teaches us that bodies may be deprived of their present form, and that their component particles, or atoms may disappear; but that they still exist undiminished in weight though under far different combinations. To take the case of the wood,—a part of its elements are left in the alkaline substance familiarly styled ashes, whilst the gaseous or, so to speak, more aerial principles have united with the atmosphere, to be in turn yielded by it to some other substance—perhaps another growth of ligneous matter that will, ere long, undergo like changes of structure.

How hope-inspiring we repeat such a doctrine as this! How well calculated to convince us of the reasonableness of the doctrine of a resurrection, of the human body, whilst it fills our minds with admiration of the power and wisdom of the great PHILOSOPHER and ARCHITECT who has so planned the laws for the regulation of the material universe, that by natural causes, destruction or decay, and reproduction, follow each other in regular and harmonious succession.

Not less astonishing to the untutored mind, are the facts illustrative of the mutual dependence of the different departments of nature. The animal and vegetable worlds are constantly subjected to interchanges of elements. Nor are these less dependent on the mineral. They are constantly undergoing mutations in obedience to chemical laws. And, if the operation of these laws, has escaped the observation of the unscientific, they are open^{to} to the view of philosophy. The gaseous principles, for example, that, one hour, enter into the composition of the humble blade of grass we thoughtlessly trample beneath our feet, may, in the next, constitute one of the elements combined to form this frame of ours, of whose graceful proportions we feel so proud and on which

we bestow so much care. For as we pass to these vegetable growths, they are either exhaling or absorbing the substances known in chemical language, as *carbonic acid* and *oxygen* gas, as they may be exposed, on the one hand, to the influences of light, or on the other, deprived of it. These simple facts, with which the reader may be so familiar as to deem too trite for contemplation—especially in this age of generally-diffused knowledge—teach us lessons which the wisest men in past ages would have been glad to learn. It is, indeed, well at times to dwell upon truths so familiar, and yield to the influences of sentiments they are apt to inspire. As the most plain and unpretending of mankind are not unfrequently endowed with the most comprehensive minds, so the simplest and least adorned truths are frequently most replete with instruction, if properly applied.

But, if we pursue the study of these natural laws the disclosures of science have gradually unveiled, with no regular method or settled aim, we shall be little benefitted by the vast accumulations of discordant facts which they may have effected. We must determine to turn each acquisition to some *practical* account; otherwise lessons will be lost upon us, that impart unfeigned enjoyment and inestimable advantages to those of more contemplative and analytic thoughts.

“Who study nature with a careless eye,
Admire the works, but pass the lessons by.”

All the truths we catch from a study of philosophy, will prove beneficial to our lives sooner or later, and should, therefore, be carefully preserved. As garments that are deemed useless, because unfashionable or unsuitable in dimensions, become, in time, fashionable and befitting; so truths at first glance, apparently of no practicability, may soon be found of inestimable worth. Discoveries in science, are so much facilitated at the present day, that we seem not to appreciate their value as we should. We are apt, indeed, to measure the value of any acquisition by the degrees of toil it may have cost. Hence, when philosophers were compelled to labour with untiring zeal and with few aids from such *apparatus* as are now within our reach, they, very naturally, placed the highest value on every discovery, and treasured up the most trivial facts with an almost sanctity of purpose. And in this way the many mere particles of knowledge, so to speak, of which they became, by degrees, possessed, in time, formed the weighty masses that meet our eye

at every glance. Like the miner, they knew that how ever slowly they might accumulate the precious particles, their rewards would be sure in the end. But to the honor of our age, there are those now living who are worthy of the name of philosophers in the most ennobling sense of the word. Such are not satisfied with a mere superficial, or contracted, view of the various phenomena produced by moral or natural causes. They study closely the mutual dependency, and influences, of mind and matter—trace out the relations between the present and the past, and judging by analogy, of whatever is hidden in the bosom of the future, they point to phenomena unrevealed, as though they were in process of production. And their investigations have even reached so far, as to illustrate to the satisfaction of every unbiased mind, the relations subsisting between the GREAT CREATOR and his animate, as well as inanimate works; and, bringing their philosophy to support revelation, they have not failed to depict in a satisfactory manner the changes that await man in his future destiny.

But let us return to the contemplation of the disclosures of chemical science, as intimately connected with the ordinary affairs of life. We are all, to some extent, *practical* chemists, how ever ignorant of theories so important to the pupil; for we are daily conforming to some natural laws. Even the *cook* who prepares our daily food, is a chemist in disguise. Many of her culinary operations that call for little thought, depend on chemical principles, and are regulated by fixed laws—to the obedience of which their success is to be attributed. In her hands every pot becomes a *crucible*, every kettle a *retort*, and the very handle of the frying-pan, or the kitchen shovel, a *conductor* of heat, whose powers her seared fingers, if not her mind, have not failed, at times, to discover. Even the stone hearth becomes a *reflector*, and casts the rays of heat to her face, adding a fiery glow to features already care-worn and distorted. By her labours the influences of *calorie* upon natural substances, are admirably illustrated. Under its decomposing and expanding force the most indigestible and unpalatable substances become both pleasant and nutritious. And, after all, every lover of delicious viands—and who does not love them?—must admit, that a good cook is a more useful philosopher than many with higher pretensions and loudly sonorous titles.

But, in further illustration of our subject, let us recur to the wonderful agent, oxygen. Its various uses in the production of many substances in the different departments of na-

ture, present the most interesting themes for curious thought. Its presence is indispensable to the preservation of animal and vegetable existence. It is omnipresent and all-pervading. How kind and frequent its appearance, yet how transient its stay! It is inhaled by the lungs of man as one of the constituent elements of the atmosphere that surrounds us, and in a moment, it is coursing its way through every avenue of the body, as an eye witness to the mysterious changes that take place within. It floats carelessly along on each sanguinary current that flows in the channels of the arterial structures.

These are facts familiar to the mere *novice* in science; of which we make use merely for the purposes of illustration. And, yet, but a little while ago they remained undiscovered; and they would have been unrevealed to this hour had not the untiring researches of a Harvey, profiting by the hints of his predecessors, effected the astonishing disclosures that have immortalized his name. The fact that *so many* important truths are *so familiar* that we almost grow weary of their repetition, is the most striking proof of the rapidity of our progression in scientific knowledge.

Keeping in view the ever varying influences of oxygen gas, as the most fit illustration we can use, we discover it, an instrument of usefulness and at one moment productive of delights—at another, of disappointment and sorrow. The fair maiden views the blooming flowers that impart such fragrant sweetness to the atmosphere of her apartment, and with the light of chemistry, contemplates the indispensable agency of *oxygen* in prolonging the vigour and beauty of every leaf and expanding blossom. If deprived of its reception, like herself they will, as she is aware, quickly wither and die. But unless she has been accustomed to trace effects to their causes, as she observes the *rust* which has robbed her scissors and needle, of their polish and brightness and over-clouded her gay features with a look of disappointment and vexation, she would little suspect that the same kind protector of her favourite flowers has turned enemy to her peace. Again, as she brushes into the flames, the fragments of charcoal some falling brand may have scattered over the polished hearth, she little dreams of the resemblance in chemical properties between them and the diamonds that dazzle on her white fingers. And, yet, the disclosures of art, have proved the diamond and the charcoal to be perfectly analogous. An eminent and enthusiastic chemist pursuing his experiments during the past year, has so far succeeded in his at-

tempts to produce the former in its purity, from the particles of the latter, that his labours are stated to have resulted in a substance in every respect resembling the native diamond, save in the absence of its perfect brilliancy. In its resisting quality the analogy was striking; for it was found capable of dividing the hardest glass.

From this impartial and hurried examination of the subject before us, we have readily observed the slow but certain progress of scientific discoveries from the first broken thoughts that arrested the attention of the reflective mind in a primitive condition of life,—when the only book spread before man was the volume of nature—up to our present improved condition. The light of science like that of the opening morn, first exhibited itself in dim and feeble rays. Now it shines with increasing brilliancy, dispelling the darkness that in past ages, intercepted the vision of the mind as it attempted to direct its gaze at the wonders of the universe, and to scan its laws, as it has since done, with the piercing eye of philosophy.

ANTIQUE CAMEOS.

NO. III.

TRITON.

Lord of the ocean shell!
Thy blast is a potent spell,
Which nought in the deep can withstand:
When the sea-god issues his dread command
For the waves to rage or subside,
Thou soundest thy conch o'er the ocean,
And the billows in wildest commotion,
Like giants arise to threaten the skies:
Thou gavest again thy command
The billows invade not the land
But slumber and sleep on the tide.

Lord of the scaly herd!
When the ocean's depth is stirred
By the sweep of turbulent storms,
Thou leadest forth the terrible forms
Often deep, to gambol and play;
And in the sweet gush of calm waters
The graceful and beautiful daughters
Of the sea to advance, their steps in the dance,
From the halls 'neath the glassy brine
Where their fingers their ringlets twine
In the golden sunlight's pure ray.

HESPERUS.

GOOD NIGHT; OR THE CURFEW BELL.

Hark! the Curfew loudly tolling,
Over hills and vallies bright,
Seems to say in notes consoling,
Weary mortals all, Good night!

Toiling father, worn and jaded,
Rest within thy cottage home;
Care-worn mother faint and faded,
E'en thine hour of peace has come.

Sleep gay maiden! soft reposing
On your couch, untouched by care;
And your eyelids gently closing
Roam the world of visions fair;

Thus sweet flowers when night dews weeping
Gem their bosoms with their tears,
Close their leaves, each bright hue keeping,
Till the welcome sun appears.

Eager youth with learning weary,
Reading by thy lamp's pale light,
Let refreshing slumbers cheer thee,
To thy volumes say, Good night!

Sailor on the pathless ocean,
Oft by winds and waves distrest,
Sailor, calm each rude emotion,
Lay thine aching head to rest;

Sleep and welcome, at thy pleasure,
Friends in wakeful hours afar,
Till alone in cloudless azure
Shines once more the morning star.

Warrior, rest! thy rude tent o'er thee,
Pillowed on thy faithful arms,
Sleep and dream of fame and glory,
Absent hours or beauty's charms.

Dying one! thy heart-strings breaking,
Soon shall set thy spirit free.
Sleep until thy heavenly waking,
Friend, a long good night to thee!

Hark! the Curfew ceases tolling!
Check my muse thine airy flight!
For its peals in notes consoling
Seemed to say to all *Good night!*

CONA.

REVIEWS.

THE PHENIX: a collection of old and rare fragments, viz:
The Morals of Confucius, the Chinese Philosopher; the Oracles of Zoroaster, the founder of the religion of the Persian magi; Sanchoniatho's history of the Creation; the Voyages of Hanno round the coast of Africa, five hundred years before Christ; king Hiempsal's history of the African settlement, translated from the Punic books; and the Choice Sayings of Publius Syrus. New York: Published by WILLIAM GOWAN, 121 Chatham street, 1835.

We have given to the admiring eyes of the public, the entire title-page of this most original production—this *rara avis*, the Phenix. Ere this its merits would have been loudly sung, and noticed with that reverence which beseems its literary worth; but the introduction to the volume having inspired us with some hopes that another descendant from the same illustrious stock would have shed new light to illumine the footsteps of purblind American scholars, now wandering in darkness, and in unblessed ignorance of the curious and rare stores of knowledge to be found in the pages of Publius Syrus, and in the log-book of Hanno, (so long mislaid, and now handed to the regards of posterity, by the learned compiler of this volume,) we have postponed, until now, its notice. No such production, however, having greeted our longing vision, we are per force compelled to demi-satiate our literary appetites with the choice *morceaux* spread before us in the Phenix; and to lament, that we are forever debarred access to the “beautiful and affecting picture of human life, delineated with great accuracy of judgment and splendour of sentiment,” by the Theban philosopher, Cebes.

We will therefore now build the aromatic pile of the Phenix, trusting that from the ashes of the funeral pyre, a new bird may arise, to exceed in beauty its progenitor. For, though we deny most strenuously, that the book in question contains one single article of interest, we by no means question the abilities of the author to compose some work of merit, if he will cease from his unprofitable and idle angling after useless fragments.

In an extremely curious advertisement prefixed to this

volume, the author addressing the "Inhabitants of the New World," in a pompous strain announces the first arrival of certain "illustrious and venerable strangers from China, Persia, Phœnicia, Carthage, and the city of Rome," in "this asylum of light and liberty." Now, with all due deference to the opinion of this learned Theban, we can by no means coincide with his exulting paean of welcome. These illustrious and venerable strangers, especially the works of Confucius, or Confutzee, have been well known to the admirers of antiquarian studies: have been rendered into English from the original French translation of the Catholic missionaries who first placed an European foot in China, and attempted the conversion of an unconvertible race; and have been generally read by those who were desirous of becoming acquainted with oriental studies. Indeed, it would have been surprising, if the writings of the most celebrated sage of China, the illustrious Confucius, should have been deemed unworthy of a translation, while the fables of Pilpay, and the works of Mencius, or Meng-tsee, have received that honour so repeatedly.

But as it is not our intention to enter upon a discussion concerning the writings of Confucius, which are well known as a collection of morals and ethics, divided into six Books, and reverenced by the Chinese with an almost superstitious idolatry, we shall merely mention that his collection of aphorisms, moral inculcations, and religious instructions, bear upon them a character of high polish and sound observation. Though by no means interesting as regards the perusal, for the modern student has many opportunities of consulting better authorities and more valuable treatises, they are generally conceded a place in the libraries of the curious. This Confucius lived about 500 years before Christ, and filled the most important posts which the government of China could confer. But, like most eminent and pious lawgivers, he attracted the envy of the neighbouring monarchs, by whose intrigues he was forced to abandon his country. He retired from his native land, and instituted a school, where, it is said, he instructed no less than six hundred scholars. He died in the seventieth and second year of his age, leaving behind him an eminent reputation for sanctity and wisdom. His great literary reputation is revered, and his code of laws practised by the Chinese to this day. Indeed, the principle of the English barons, "*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari,*" seems to have obtained an equal footing as regards the reverence paid to their ancient institutions, with that most strange of all nations, the Chinese. The translation in the work before

us, is taken from a version of Incorcetta and Couplet, and a very curious affair it is.

Passing over the collection of *Morals*, (which being applicable to a despotic form of government, present nothing useful to the American reader, who has perused the *Maxims of Rochefoucault*,) we come to an extremely interesting portion of the work, devoted to the excellent purpose of directing the hungry man in the way wherein he should eat, and to the maxims which are placed upon slips of wood before the public offices, for the admonition and edification of the passers by.

These maxims, it appears, are derived from the canonical books of China, and contain, in themselves, all the elements requisite to form a good citizen; but the medical directions shall speak for themselves.

"Be virtuous: govern your passions: restrain your appetite. Avoid excess and high seasoned food, eat slowly, and chew your food well. (Shade of Trollope! thou hast a congenial spirit which possesses all thy antipathy to the crime of "*bolting!*") Do not eat to satiety. * * * In winter, a glass or two of wine is an excellent preservative against unwholesome air. Make a hearty meal about noon, and eat plain meats only; avoid salted meats; those who eat them often have pale complexions and a slow pulse, and are full of corrupted humours. * * * * I do indeed drink wine, but never more than four or five glasses. (A moderate supernaculum, truly!) * * * * Immediately after you awake, rub your breast where the heart lies, with the palm of your hand. * * When you lie down, banish all thought."

[*Maxims*, pp. 122, 123.]

And our Chinese philosopher continues in a strain, which our translator has rendered supremely ridiculous, to wit:

"An ague in the spring is physic for a king; agues come on horseback, but go away on foot. You eat and you eat, but you do not drink to fill you. *Children and chicken, must always be picking.* (!) Old young and old long; they who would be young when they are old, must be old when they are young. Every man is either a fool or a physician after forty years of age. Good health is half a meal.

* * *

After dinner sit awhile; after supper walk a mile. If you would live forever, you must wash milk from your liver.

* * *

Who goes to bed with a late supper, all night tumbles and tosses. Often and little eating makes a man fat. Fish must swim thrice."

[*Morals*, pp. 123, 124.]

Bravissimo!—We have heard the good old proverb concerning the necessity of causing fish to swim, first in water,

secondly in oil, and thirdly in brandy, but we were not prepared to discover it in Confucius.

But of all this "skimble skamble stuff," which, we are assured, is a wretched translation, are the maxims composed, which the learned compiler assures us, are of great consideration, if we pay attention to the importance of the things therein contained. *Papæ!*

The second fragment which the author of the Phenix professes to have extracted from the store-rooms of antiquity, is the Oracles of Zoroaster, founder of the Persian Magi, or fire-worshippers; a jargon of unmeaning phrases, unattended by any explanatory note, which might confer some value upon them. The compiler professes to have translated them from the Greek of J. P. Cory, Esq. the translator of Herodotus. The oracles are collected from various eminent sources, amongst which are the names of Plotinus, Priscian, Porphyrius, Diogenes, Hermias, &c. That the original task of collecting these oracles, was a formidable undertaking, we doubt not; but that the author of the Phenix should have been so blind as not to have discovered the utter inutility of publishing a second Babel of confusion, entirely destitute of explanatory notes, is surprising. To the oracles of Delphi and Dodona—to the magical books of the Sybil—to the Alcoran and Talmud, the reader may attribute some meaning, grounded upon common sense; and references to historical events, have plainly been traced by the learned, to these oracles. Of the extraordinary prophecies and oracles contained in Scripture, we have ample and satisfactory solutions. The Talmud, with its accompanying Mishna and Gemara, has been the subject of fruitful inquiry and painful investigation by the learned rabbis, from Rabbi Akiba down. Each succeeding writer upon the foregoing oracles, or concealed moralities, has endeavoured to elucidate his author; but the discerning compiler of the Phenix, has left his readers to exercise their own dispositions upon such an unintelligible slang of philosophy as the following. We make no invidious extracts, but give the passages taken ad libitum from any part of the work before us. We will even go farther, and take the most intelligible.

PARTICULAR SOULS.

Soul. Life. Man.

78. These things the Father conceived, and the mortal was animated for him. T. (or Theurgists.)

79. For the Father of gods and men placed the mind in soul, but in body he placed you.

80. The paternal mind has sowed symbols in the souls. Z.

81. Having mingled the vital spark from two according substances, mind and divine spirit, as a third, to these he added holy love, the venerable chariotteer uniting all things.

82. Filling the soul with profound love.

Z. or T.

83. The soul of man will in a manner clasp God to herself.—Having nothing mortal, she is wholly inebriated from God; for she glories in the harmony under which the mortal body exists. T.

Oracles, pp. 157, 158.

These passages are tolerably plain through their own constructions; but what shall we say to the man who, pretending to exhibit antiquarian lights, will leave passages such as the following, unexplained? They contain curious meanings, and, no doubt, shed great light over the ancient Persian mythology; but what that light is—*c'est une autre affaire.*

90. * * * Understanding the works of the Father, they avoid the shameless wing of fate; they are placed in God, drawing strong torches; descending from the Father, from which, as they descend, the soul gathers of the empyreal fruits of the soul-nourishing power.

Z. or T.

91. This animastic spirit, which blessed men have called the pneumatic soul, (?) becomes a god, an all-various demon, and an image; and the soul in this suffers her punishment. The oracles, too, accord with this account; for they assimilate the employment of the soul in Hades to the delusive visions of a dream.

Z. or T.

92. One life with another; from the distributed channels. Passing from above through the opposite part, through the centre of the earth; and the fifth the middle, another fiery channel, where the life beaming fire descends as far as the material channels.

Z. or T.

93. Moisture is a symbol of life; hence Plato, and the gods before Plato, call it (the soul) at one time the liquid of the whole of vivification, and at another time a certain fountain of it. Z.

Now the editor of the Phenix manifests a most culpable neglect in failing to explain the meaning of these passages. If he was unable so to do, why does he attempt to bring into light these dark sayings at all. In their present shape they benefit nobody, and only serve to cast ridicule upon incompetent authorship. These patches of Rosicrucianism are, in aspect, ineffably ridiculous; but they often convey, couched in the deepest mystery, philosophical opinions, equally curious and important.

As regards the partial history of Sanchoniatho, the historian of the Phoenicians, much doubt exists, and much dispute has been excited. The present translation is re-translated from Mr. Cory's version, taken from Philo. Did all agree in pronouncing these fragments of Sanchoniatho correct, we should take pleasure in extending a notice towards them; but

the literary world is much divided upon this point, and we must allow it to remain untouched.

The *Periplus* of Hanno is sufficiently well known to those persons who profess the slightest taste for classical antiquarianism. It is a very fine fragment relating to ancient navigation; but not so sufficiently rare as to advance its claims to the titles of "rare, curious, and valuable." By the way, it by no means appears in this *Periplus*, that Hanno heard the most remote sounds of that Hesperian chorus, commemorated by the pen of Mr. Alfred Tennyson.

So far from the next compilation, viz: the history of the African settlements, being an antiquarian fragment, it is a well known fact, that each juvenile reader of Q. Sallustius Crispus is well acquainted with its merits, as it forms an essential part of the "*Bellum Jugurthinum*."

The *Choice Sayings* of Publius Syrus complete this hoary array of venerable antiquity. Observe what our excellent compiler remarks in his preface. "The *Choice Sayings* of Publius Syrus I had much difficulty and long search in procuring." Did this learned gentleman ever hear of two ancient fairs, annually held in Helvetia? Have the venerable cities of Frankfort and Leipsic fallen entirely into the gulf of oblivion? Perhaps, had he extended his researches into those Hanseatic ruins, he might have procured entire barrow-loads of this very rare work, at a price far below the general cost of an English edition of *Phœdrus*. And he parades the motto of the Edinburgh Review—"Judex damnatur, cum nocens absolvitur," with his still more original translation, as a crowning instance of the merits of Publius Syrus.

If our peculiar province led us to expose the mistranslations, the flat common places, in which our translator indulges, woe unto the unfortunate reader! Let us therefore close this portion of his volume, and direct a few remarks as regards his advertisement, preface, or introduction.

"Should," says he, "the publisher of this series of fragments meet with reasonable encouragement in the sale of this collection it will be followed by another, equally rare and valuable. In it will be found the Tables of Cebes, the Theban philosopher, which contain a beautiful and affecting picture of human life, delineated with great accuracy of judgment and splendour of sentiments; the memorable sayings of Diogenes, the celebrated cynic philosopher; Epictetus' *Enchiridion*.* Cicero's Dream of Scipio; Fragments of the Twelve Tables of Roman Laws; and the Remains of Berossus, the Babylonian and Chaldean historian and astrologer."

[Advertisement p. 10.]

* *Enchiridion*, we presume; or to give its Latin gloss, "*Epicteti Manuale*."

To p̄ean! What a prodigious array of antiquities! Does the author of the Phenix know, that the “Πίναξ Κεφίτος Θηθείων,” is among the most common publications of the age? Is he aware that these tables, the “Ἐγχειρίδιον Επικτῆτος,” and the “Χαρακτήριστος Θεοφράστου,” are always bound together, in the most vulgar German editions? To ridicule the idea of the novelty of Scipio and of Diogenes would be futile. Fragments of the Tables of the Roman laws may be found in every Roman historian, from Eutropius down; and the remains of Berossus are by no means so uncommon that they may not be found in Herodotus and Arrian.

Thus much for the critical discernment of our author. One word to him further. Let him direct his talents and application, (both which are apparent in his misdirected work,) in better causes. He is no Porson—no Bloomfield—no Carey; but, if he will turn his endeavours upon less abstruse subjects, and abandon this useless search after trifles, he will entitle himself to the respect of all well wishers to classical learning.

Thus much for the Phenix.

Rara avis in terris; simillimaque nigro cycno.

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA, by *Alexis de Tocqueville, Avocat à la cour Royale de Paris; translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. with original Preface and Notes, by John C. Spencer, Counsellor at Law.* New York: George Dearborne, & Co. 1838.

After having seen our country, its institutions and manners, misrepresented by traveller after traveller—superficial observers for the most part, who were unable to take in the whole of such a subject, and bad digesters of what little they did pick up—we have now before us the production of an intelligent man who had an eye to mark, a judgment keen to discriminate, and a mind truly philosophical, in so far as freedom from prejudice and great generalizing powers may warrant that epithet. It is a true maxim, that he who would gain wisdom from observation, must be wise already. No man could have written a book like this, save one who had been long accustomed to look at things in their principles. It is such a one only who can discern unity in diversity, who is able in the midst of apparent confusion, to trace the con-

sistent operation of elemental laws, and to behold all particulars of customs, manners, and institutions, as the genuine exponents of the national *vis vitæ*. We have hardly yet arrived ourselves at the stage of self-recognition. Our principles are not yet carried out to their ultimates. Like the orator of Demosthenes, our first, second, and third characteristic is action, action, action. We yield to the inherent impulse without inquiring into its nature, without looking to ascertain whither it will conduct us. Reflection will come only when consequences are felt.

The observations of an enlightened foreigner, who can look calmly on our fermenting condition and observe the nature of the various elements which are at work in the general mass, may be of great use; not indeed towards staying the progress of things, or modifying their direction; but the truths which he lays before our notice, may be learned, may be acknowledged theoretically. When the time comes for profiting by former errors, they will be ready at our hands, and may imperceptibly influence the course of subsequent conduct.

What will strike with admiration every reader of this book, is the wonderful accuracy with which the author discourses of our institutions. A denizen of the republic, native born, and studious of such things, could hardly be expected to show a more familiar acquaintance with the principles and details of our government in all their modes of action, general, state and municipal. We speak not of mere statistical accuracy—skeleton—knowledge—an anatomical acquaintance with ribs and arteries and muscles—but a comprehension of the whole system in action, a perception of the quickening life, with pulse beating, and every organ of respiration in full play.—Like a man who wished to understand the quality of a stream, he went to the fountain head. He consulted the old colonial records—documents which to the most of our citizens are known only by hearsay. Among these are mentioned *Hazard's Collection of State Papers*, *The Generale Historie of Virginia and New England*, by Captain John Smith, sometymes Governor in those Countries, and Admirall of New England. The History of Virginia by William Stith, the History of Carolina by John Lawson, New England's Memorial by Nathaniel Norton, Cotton Mather's Ecclesiastical History of New England, the History of the Colony of Massachusetts by Gov. Hutchinson, Trumbull's Complete History of America, the History of New Hampshire by Jeremy Belknap, the History of New York by William Smith, Proud's History of Pennsylvania. Of these few are much known in this country. Capt. John Smith is indeed a familiar name; not because he

wrote the "Generall Historie," but by reason of sundry romantic achievements, such as cutting off the heads of Turkish champions, being rescued by Pocahontas, and other adventures which show him to have been a gallant man and a hero.

From such sources as these, the enlightened traveller was enabled to comprehend the genuine spirit of those who laid the foundations of society in America. In the germ thus deposited, were ascertained the principles which subsequent times and events have developed. "The child is father of the man," says Wordsworth—"the ancestor bears all his descendants within himself," is the language of the law. Hence the earnestness with which M. de Tocqueville dwells upon the "manners of the people"—intending by that term to denote the prevailing genius of the community as it is indicated by the thousand minutiae of habits, customs, and doings of private life. The national features as they are expressed in the laws and general principles of government, are like the aspect of a man in some official capacity, wearing the index of stateliness and gravity. In the "manners" of a people, as that term is used by M. De Tocqueville, are to be seen the expressions of the natural countenance at ease, with every muscle in unguarded play, and every lineament varying with each changing emotion. When the quality of a man's spirit is known, it is easy to appreciate his language and to interpret his actions; so the laws, institutions, and whole outward paraphernalia of a people, existing in the letter, derive their real force and meaning from the intellectual spirit which created and which upholds them. To read the letter, one must first comprehend the spirit, otherwise the former will be unintelligible.

"The manners of the Americans of the United States," says M. de Tocqueville, "are then the real cause which renders that people the only one of the American nations that is able to support a democratical government; and it is the influence of manners which produces the different degrees of order and of prosperity, that may be distinguished in the several Anglo-American democracies.—Thus the effect which the geographical position of a country may have upon the duration of democratical institutions, is exaggerated in Europe. Too much importance is attributed to legislation, too little to manners. These three great causes serve, no doubt, to regulate and direct the American democracy, but if they were to be classed in their proper order, I should say, that the physical incumbrances are less efficient than the laws, and the laws very subservient to the manners of the people. I am convinced that the most advantageous situations and the best possible laws, cannot maintain a constitution in spite of the manners of a country, whilst

the latter may turn the most unfavourable positions and the worst laws to some advantage. The importance of manners is a common truth in which study and experience incessantly direct our attention. It may be regarded as a central point in the range of human observations, and the common termination of all enquiry. So seriously do I insist upon this head, that if I have hitherto failed in making the reader feel the important influence which I attribute to the practical experience, the habits, the opinions, in short, to the manners of the Americans, upon the maintainance of their institutions, I have failed in the principal object of my work."

[pp. 303-4.]

With the author we fully concur in attaching so much importance to the *manners* of a people; using the word *manners* in the same sense in which he employs it, to denote the spirit and genius of the nation. It is here that the principle of life resides,—statutes, ordinances, institutions, are but the members and limbs whereby it moves and acts. That "too much importance is attributed to legislation, too little to manners," is a truth that might well be a subject of consideration with statesmen. How frequently, in grave histories, or in still graver essays, do we find the downfall of the Roman republic for example, ascribed to adventitious circumstances which had little to do with so great a matter! By some we are told that the empire fell by reason of its extensive dominions, which constituted a body all too unwieldy,—others affirm that the overthrow of Carthage was the beginning of the downward course; for having now no great enemy to keep them watchful, to stimulate to exertion, to exercise them in the practice of heroism, the Romans, elated with their superiority, gave way to pride and arrogance. Again, the great increase of wealth is pronounced to have been the ruin of the commonwealth; for with wealth came luxury, with luxury effeminacy, which led to corruption. Some date the period of declension from the times of the Gracchi, when sedition raged openly between patricians and plebeians. Then we have the predominancy of the populace, *dominatio plebis*, whereby the balance of power was destroyed in the government, or the ambition of Cæsar, who of course is a tyrant, an usurper, trampling upon the liberties of the people. And some are barbarous enough to say, that the introduction of Grecian letters and references, was the cause of it all, and that old Cato was right when he urged the Senate to drive certain philosophers out of the city, who would fain bring in new-fangled notions to corrupt the youth. Lysander is reproached for the ruin of Sparta, because he introduced gold and silver into circulation as money, in place of the iron coin; while no

less a writer than Sir William Blackstone intimates with much seriousness, that because Solon made a slight alteration in the law of Athens concerning wills and testaments, permitting citizens "though only on failure of issue, to dispose of their lands by testament, and devise away estates from the collateral heir, this soon produced an excess of wealth in some, and of poverty in others, which, by a natural progression, first produced popular tumults and dissensions; and these at length ended in tyranny, and the utter extinction of liberty, which are quickly followed by a total subversion of their state and nation." What an unfortunate law!

In despotic countries, where the power of the monarch pervades all parts of the system, both of government and of private life, and directs in some measure the opinions of the people as well as the course of legislation, it may happen that laws shall have efficacy in shaping the body politic by intrinsic power of their own. Although, to speak our minds, we believe that usually the most despotic monarch that ever swayed a sceptre, is, in all his leading actions, the unconscious and unintentional interpreter of the general spirit of the nation. It is the tenure or condition by which despots unknowingly hold their power, that they keep with, or judiciously lead the spirit of the age. In democratical governments, it is very certain that laws are the mere consequences of a state of opinions which existed before; and that they cannot long remain in force when they are not consonant with it. In this country no legislation can lead to long continued evil, unless the public mind be previously darkened or corrupt; and in such cases the evil is to be attributed, not to the laws, but to the will that enacted them.

[The overrunning of the last form, compels us to divide the Review of De Tocqueville. It will be concluded in our next.]

LITERARY NOTICES.

An Expedition of Discovery into the interior of Africa, through the hitherto undescribed countries of the Great Namaquas, Boschmans, and Hill Damaras, by JAMES EDWARD ALEXANDER, K. L. S., in 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

In this age, when travelling has become so fashionable that every one who has the ambition to write a book, and leisure and means for a foreign tour, conceives it to be his duty to set out upon an expedition, and on his return enlighten the world with discoveries, and reflections upon places, many of which he has concocted over *guide books* and *gazetteers*, the reader can hardly be expected to keep pace with the issues of the press, if indeed he has the inclination to peruse all the crudities that appear under the name of travels.

Captain Alexander's book has at least the merit of novelty, as it describes for the most part regions unexplored, and places not laid down in the guide books, and gazetteers, that in most cases are brought into requisition. His expedition is likely to be of permanent advantage, as it contains information interesting in itself, and calculated to advance the interests of commerce, and extend the blessings of civilization and christianity. The style of the Captain is rather 'slipshod,' and occasionally rendered burlesque by an affectation of learning in the introduction of classic phrases. We are engaged in giving it a thorough reading, and will 'report progress' in our next number.

The Gift: a Christmas and New Year's Present, for 1839; edited by MISS LESLIE Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This is the third volume of the *Gift*, and is fully equal to either of its predecessors, whether we regard its binding, typography, embellishments, or literary material. The engravings are nine in number, and several of them are exquisite, both in design and execution. The frontispiece, 'Helen,' engraved by Cheney from a design by Chalon, will compare with any thing that has appeared from the American

burine—and the vignette title page, engraved by the same from a graceful sketch of Sully, is no less beautiful. Sunrise among the Alps, is by Forrest, from one of Doughty's best pictures. The Goldfinch is an elysian dream of the painter engraved in Forrest's finest style.

The articles are thirty-eight in number, contributed by some of our most reputable writers. The best prose articles are by John Inman, Morgan Neville, the author of *Lafitte*, Alonzo Lewis, the author of *Clinton Bradshaw*, Miss Embury, Robert Walsh, jun., and the talented editress; Mrs. Chalmer's Visit, is in her happiest style. The poetical gems are by Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Gould, Miss M. A. Browne, Miss Woodbridge, Mrs. Hale, R. Skelton Mackenzie, and Chas. West Thompson and others. While speaking of the poetry of the volume, we may take occasion to remark, that though the productions of Charles West Thompson are in every respect creditable, we think an undue tribute to his genius is paid, in giving him the illustration of all the plates in the volume with the exception of two. We have room only for two short poems.

REQUEST OF THE DYING CHILD.

Stretch'd on her couch of pain, there lay a child
Of some few summers.—The dense city's roofs
Throng'd thick around her, and the vertic sun
Pour'd from those glowing tiles a fervid heat
Upon her shrinking nerves. Sad she retraced
Those rural scenes where her young childhood grew,
And wishfully her pale lips shaped the sound,
Of home,—sweet home.

“Dear mother, take me there,—
To that first home.—The early flowers that sprung
Beside the garden walk, and those tall trees,
Would I might see them but once more, and touch
The creeping vine, that o'er my window climb'd:—
I could breathe freer there.”—

And so they raised
The fainting child,—for how could they deny
Her last heart-yearning,—and with mournful tears
Wrapp'd as a traveller, her whom Death had seal'd
For his returnless journey.

Swift the boat
Shot o'er the river-tide, and then the wheel,
Careful, yet tedious, mark'd the well-known track
O'er hill and valley.—Patiently she bore
The weary travel, and when sunset brought
The well-remember'd haunt, she rais'd her head
From its hot pillow, and with tender smile

Blest each familiar object.—It would seem
 As if indulgent to her last request,
 Death waited for her. Though the threadlike pulse
 Stirr'd not the ivory arm, and the poor heart
 Scarce forced the life-tide, oozing drop by drop,
 Yet still, Death waited for her.

One full hour

She lay within his icy arms, and drew
 In deep, long, quivering gasps,—her native air—
 He waited for her, while she clasp'd the flowers,
 The fresh, wild flowers that bloom'd where she was born,—
 And while she gazed upon the waving trees,
 And press'd the fragrant vine-leaves to her brow—
 But then he coldly beckon'd her away,—
 And so, she meekly kiss'd her mother's lips,
 And went to rest.—

How sweet that home to thee,—
 Whence there is no departure,—peaceful child!
 And where no pilgrim, with his dusty staff,
 Toils, just to gaze upon its blissful gate,
 Then turn and die.—And they who fed thee here,
 With love's rich balm-cup, let it be their joy,
 Their hymn of gratulation, day and night,
 That thou art gather'd with the pure in heart,
 Back to thy natural element again.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Hartford, Conn.

SHELLEY'S OBSEQUIES.—BY N. C. BROOKS.

—Ibi tu calentem
 Debita sparges lacryma favillam
 —Vatis amici.—HOR.

Beneath the axle of departing day
 The weary waters, on th' horizon's verge,
 Blush'd like the cheek of children tig'd in play;
 As bore the surge
 The wasted poet's form with slow and mournful dirge.

On Via Reggio's surf-beaten strand,
 The late-relenting sea, with hollow moan,
 Gave back the storm-toss'd body to the land;
 As if in tone
 Of sorrow it bewail'd the deed itself had done.

There, laid upon his bier of shells—around
 The moon and stars their lonely vigils kept,
 While in their pall-like shades the mountains bound,
 And night bewept
 The bard of nature, as in death's cold arms he slept.

The tuneful morn arose with locks of light—
 The ear that drank her music's call was chill;
 The eye that shone was seal'd in endless night;
 And cold and still
 The pulses stood that 'neath her gaze were wont to thrill.

With trunks e'en like the sleeper's honours sered,
 And prows of galleys like his bosom riven,
 The melancholy pile of death was rear'd
 Aloft to heaven;
 And on its pillar'd height the corse to torches given.

From his meridian throne the eye of day
 Beheld the kindlings of the funeral fire,
 Where, like a war-worn Roman chieftain, lay,
 Upon his pyre,
 The poet of the broken heart and broken lyre.

On scented wings the sorrowing breezes came,
 And fann'd the blaze, until the smoke that rush'd
 In dusky volumes upward, lit with flame,
 All redly blush'd,
 Like melancholy's sombre cheek by weeping flush'd.

And brother-bards* upon that lonely shore,
 Were standing by, and wept, as brightly burn'd
 The pyre, till all the form they loved before,
 To ashes turn'd,
 With incense, wine and tears, was sprinkled and inurn'd.

Baltimore, Md.

The Religious Souvenir, for 1839; edited by MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY. New York: Schofield & Voorhies.

The Religious Souvenir was commenced by Dr. Bedell of Philadelphia, with the view of affording christians the opportunity of exchanging civilities by the presentation of a volume that should be, not only ornamental and literary in its character, but hallowed by the sacred influences of religion. The talents and piety of Mrs. Sigourney fit her in an eminent degree, to succeed the former able editors, and the volume just issued is an earnest, that under her editorial *surveillance* the Souvenir will lose none of its attractions for the litterateur and christian.

There are eight engravings from original designs, and most of them are excellent specimens of the arts. "The Cottage

* Byron and Leigh Hunt.

in the Marquesas," is a perfect gem; the portrait of Mrs. Stewart is a fine engraving of chaste beauty. "Agriculture," is a very agreeable picture, over which is poured the mellow light of Autumn. The articles are thirty-six in number, by American and European writers of acknowledged worth, We subjoin a list in the order of insertion: Miss H. F. Gould, N. C. Brooks, J. A. Clark, Mrs. Opie, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Da Ponte, Bernard Barton, R. S. Mackenzie, Demetrius Stamatades, Grenville Mellen, Mrs. Embury, Miss M. A. Browne, Rev. C. S. Stewart, Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Lynch, Rev. J. Williams, C. W. Everest, D. Wadsworth, Mrs. Hale, Rev. H. Reed, Rev. G. Burgess, T. P. Tyler, R. Bacon, Mrs. Stowe, Rev. T. Edwards, Lieut. Patten, W. B. Tappan, Rev. E. D. Griffin, Mrs. Stedman, W. J. Hammersley, Rev. F. H. Gallaudet, C. West Thompson. We insert two short poems, one by Miss Gould, and the other by the editress, on her birth-place, Norwich. In a future notice we will try and find room for a Tale of Ancient Athens, by the same.

THE INFANT ST. JOHN, THE EVANGELIST.—BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

My soul took wing, and hover'd round
The distant scenes, the hallow'd ground,
Where once the King of Heaven was found
 A form of earth to wear:
The woes he bore, the love he taught,
The death he slew, the life he brought,
In one o'erwhelming flood of thought,
 Roll'd on, and bow'd me there.

I walk'd the groves of Galilee;
I stood in spirit by the sea,
And mused of him, here call'd to be
 My Saviour's bosom friend:
Of him who gave, among the few
Who follow'd Christ, the flower and dew
Of life to him—of things he knew,
 And wrought, and saw, and penn'd.

These glorious wonders pondering o'er,
I search'd the past for something more,
As round that now deserted shore,
 My solemn fancy roved;
Her eye grew curious now, to trace
The lineaments of peace and grace
That mark'd the bud—the *infant* face
 Of him "whom Jesus loved."

When lo! a lovely vision smiled
 Before me in a beauteous child,
 With aspect sweet—with eye so mild,
 So deep, so heavenly bright,
 The spirit seem'd, with beams divine,
 To kindle up and fill the shrine,
 As through a dewdrop clear, will shine
 A ray of morning light.

Though rude my lines, my colours faint,
 And faithless here my hand to paint
 The beauties of that infant saint,
 Which there my vision bless'd,
 I knew it was the fisher's son,
 By whom such mighty works were done—
 That gentle, true, beloved one,
 Who "lean'd on Jesus, breast!"

NORWICH, IN CONNECTICUT.—BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Sweetly wild, sweetly wild,
 Were the scenes that charm'd me when a child.
 Rocks, gray rocks, with their caverns dark,
 Leaping rills, like the diamond spark,
 Torrent voices, thundering by,
 When the pride of vernal floods swell'd high,
 And quiet roofs, like the hanging nest,
 'Mid cliffs, by the feathery foliage drest.

Beyond, in those woods, did the wild-rose grow,
 And the lily gleam out where the lakelets flow,
 And the trailing arbutus shroud its grace,
 Till its fragrance bewray'd its hiding-place,
 And the woodbine hold to the dews its cup,
 And the vine, with its clustering grapes go up,
 Up to the crest of the tallest trees,
 And there, with the humming-birds and bees,
 On a seat of turf, embroider'd fair,
 With the violet blue, and the columbine rare,
 It was sweet to sit, till the sun threw down
 At the gate of the west, his golden crown:
 Sweetly wild, sweetly wild,
 Were the scenes that charm'd me when a child.

Fisher's Address.—We have received a copy of an address delivered by Sidney G. Fisher, of Philadelphia, before the Belles Lettres and Union Philosophical Societies of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. It contains more expanded views

of the world, than are usually met with from the young graduate just emerging from academic seclusion, and is altogether creditable to him and the alma mater, that fostered him. We should be pleased to give some extracts if space remained for it.

Juvenile Presents.—We know of no author who has been more fortunate in his particular province than Peter Parley. He has been eminently successful, not only in combining information with amusement, but in inculcating patriotism and good morals, in a manner suited to the capacity of children. He has laid his young friends under additional obligation, by preparing several neat little volumes suited as presents for the coming holydays, and Mr. S. Colman of New York, has brought them out in a style befitting their excellence.

Peter Parley's Christmas Tales, is a volume of 352 pages, printed on beautiful paper, embellished with 30 engravings, on wood, and bound in a handsome manner. The stories are full of interest and entertainment.

Peter Parley's Rambles, contains a description of the principal places in England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, with embellishments on wood, engraved in a style of great beauty. It is tastefully bound, and contains 244 pages.

Peter Parley's Christmas Gift, is a collection of tales, fables, and juvenile poems, useful and interesting. It is gotten up with great beauty.

The Child's Gem, Nos. 1 and 2, have been published by the same bookseller. The Gem No. 1, is illustrated by steel engravings of the finest execution, and is bound in morocco with gilt edges. The Gem No. 2, is equally beautiful in exterior, but has wood cuts.

The Little Frenchman and his Water Lots, and other Tales, by GEO. P. MORRIS, Esq.

Lea and Blanchard have a volume of Tales in press, under the above title, by the popular editor of the New York Mirror, which promises to extend the reputation that his former productions have won for him.

The Sabbath.—We have received a little volume of sermons on the Sabbath, by the Rev. Levi R. Reese, which we have not as yet found leisure to examine.